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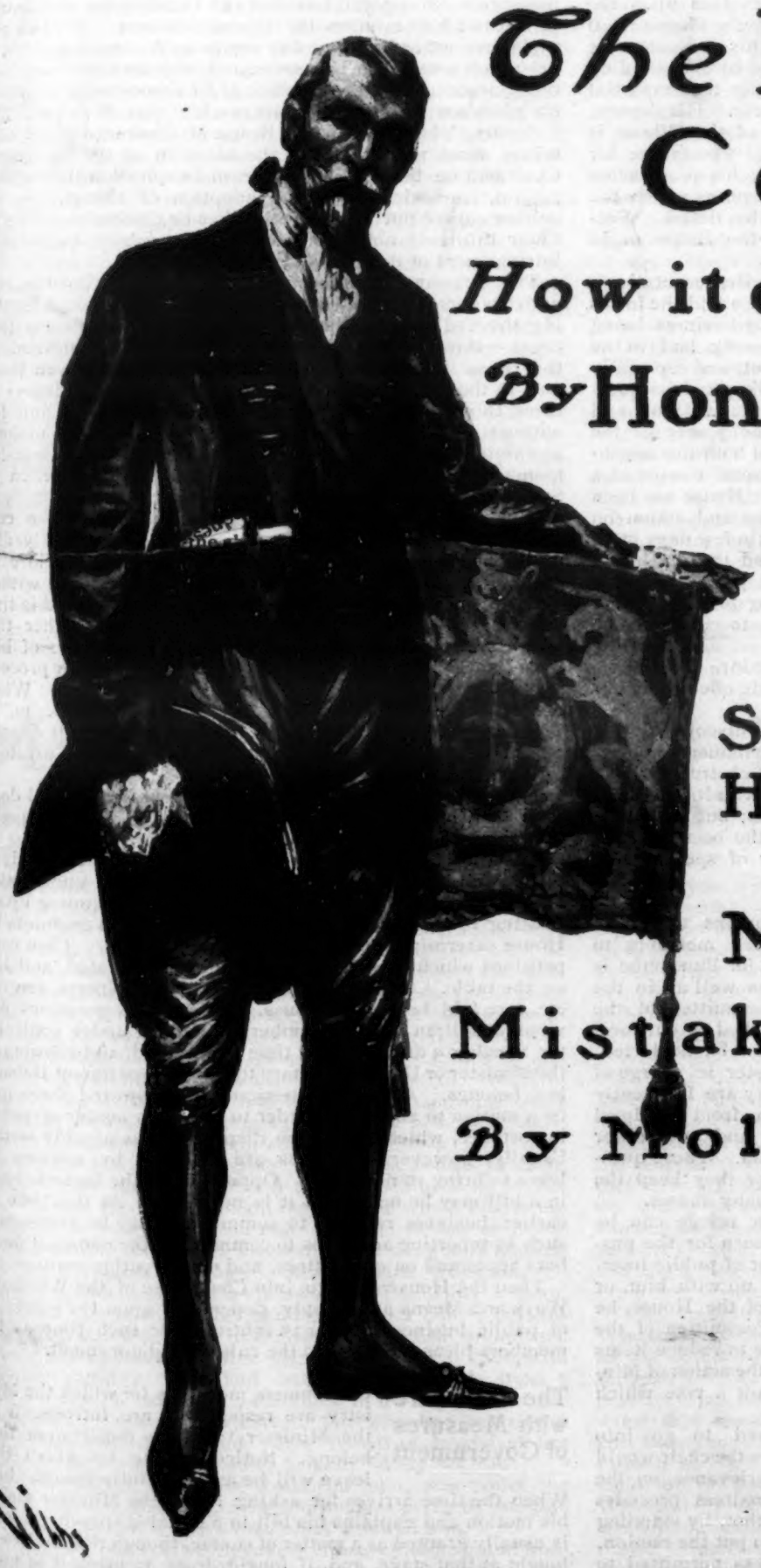

The House of Commons

How it does business

By Hon. Thos. B. Reed

The Senator *from* Indiana

Some Stories of His Life

Mrs. Winstead's Mistakes

By Molly Elliot Seawell

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

The House of Commons—How it Does Business

By Thomas B. Reed

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THE object of this article is not to present a picturesque description of the House of Commons as it appears to the observer either on ordinary days or upon grand occasions. Such a description has been given so many times that very little would remain to do but to make a collocation of the various pen pictures which have been already drawn. What we are desirous of presenting is a statement of the method of doing business in the best-known parliamentary body in the world, so that any one may contrast the English method of doing business with our own methods as exemplified in the House of Representatives of the United States and the various legislative bodies of the different States.

The hall of the House of Commons is less than one-third the size of that of our House of Representatives, while the number of members is six hundred and seventy—nearly double the number of ours. Our quorum is a majority; theirs is forty. We encumber our floor with desks and revolving and swinging chairs placed in half-moon fashion about the lofty desk of the Speaker. In the House of Commons the seats are benches, which, except at the end farthest from the chair, run parallel with the length of the hall. As they approach the middle line of the hall there is a broad gangway between the front benches on either side.

In front of the Speaker's desk is the table at which the Clerk sits during the session of the House, and where the Chairman or Deputy Speaker sits during the sittings of committees. Under the table the mace, or emblem of authority, is placed when the Speaker is not presiding. When he is in the chair, the mace is on the table.

The organization of the House on the opening session of the Commons is one of much ceremony, which has its significance and origin in the early history of the body. The House on that day meets at two o'clock in the afternoon, though the members have been coming in for a long time, and have been securing their seats by the deposit of a card in that part of the bench which they desire to occupy and which is still unoccupied.

The Clerk at two o'clock takes his place at the table and waits for a messenger from the House of Lords, who is called on account of the symbol of his office, which he bears in his hand, "The Black Rod." In due time this personage appears in court dress, and summons the House to the chamber of the House of Lords. The Black Rod then retreats, bowing first to the Government benches and then to the opposition. He is joined by the Clerk at the end of the gangway and they are followed by the members to the House of Lords, where the session is opened by the Queen from the throne or by commissioners appointed by the Sovereign. The House is then directed by the Lord Chancellor to return and select a Speaker, and to return the next day to present their choice at the same place at twelve o'clock "for Her Majesty's royal approbation."

Thereupon the Clerk and the members return to their chamber to comply with the requirements of the Constitution as to the organization of the House.

Choosing the Speaker of the House

The Speaker, once chosen, usually continues in office, whatever may be the political changes, until he retires on a pension and is created a peer. While he is in office, though first chosen by the party in power, he keeps aloof from politics, retiring from all intimate association with his party.

If the Speaker is to be continued in office, the Clerk, who sits at the table, arises and without uttering a word points with his finger to a member previously agreed upon, who arises and proposes that the member who is to be continued as Speaker "do take the chair of this House as Speaker." The Clerk then in similar fashion indicates the seconder, who has already been agreed upon, and he seconds the proposition. The House then cheers and the choice is made. If there be a contest, the Government proposes and seconds the candidate whom it desires and the opposition presents its candidate. The Clerk then puts to the House the question, "that Mr. Blank (the first named and Government candidate) do take the chair," and the proposers and seconders on either side thereupon take the division as tellers. If the first nominated member is not chosen, then the question is put that the next candidate do take the chair, and if he receives a majority of votes he is chosen.

Mr. Speaker-elect then rises in his seat, thanks the House and is escorted by his proposer and seconder to the chair. When he reaches the dais he again thanks the House and takes his seat. The leader of the House then moves an adjournment, which, being put by the Speaker-elect, is carried.

The next day the House assembles and is again invited to repair to the chamber of the House of Lords. This time the Speaker-elect leads the procession with the Sergeant-at-Arms. The mace is carried in arms, but is not taken into the Lords' chamber. When the Speaker and his following reach the chamber he bows to the Lord High Commissioners, who raise their cocked hats. The Speaker then informs them that he has been chosen, and they give the Royal consent. Mr. Speaker, thus assured of his office, takes upon himself all blame for any future errors of the House, which are to belong to him and not to the Commons. Then of the Lord Chancellor he reclaims, according to set formula, the ancient rights and privileges of the House; all of which being readily granted by the Sovereign through his Lord Chancellor, the Speaker and his following return, and he relates to the House what has occurred.

He then retires to his chamber, where he puts on the full robings of the Speaker, to which he is then first entitled. The oath of allegiance, without taking which no member, under severe pain and penalty, can vote, is then taken by all the members.

The Speaker first takes the oath, repeating it orally and signing the Test Roll. Members take the oath in groups, privy counselors and ministers, past and present, having the right to be first and to take the oath before other members. Each member, after he signs the Test Roll, is introduced to the Speaker by the Clerk. This ceremony of taking the oath occupies a long time and has very few elements of interest.

The Duties of the Speaker

The Speaker of the House of Commons has nothing to do with the appointment of the committees, either grand or special. That duty devolves upon the Committee of Selection, which is chosen by the House itself from the more experienced members. This committee in turn appoints all the committees authorized by the standing orders. There remains to the Speaker only the impartial performance of the duties of a presiding officer. His deputy, who is also the Chairman of Committees of the Whole, is chosen the first time the House goes into Committee for Supply. To aid him in his work by filling his place when weary, the Speaker appoints five other members whom the Chairman may call to the table to perform his duties. Formerly there was no limit to discussion in the House or in Committee of the Whole.

Such was also the case in the House of Representatives. In both bodies, liberty degenerated into license and the forms of doing business were used to prevent any business being done. In both bodies, therefore, the remedy had to be applied. Debate and the right of amendment, and especially debate, had to be curtailed. The use of the previous question and the report of the Committee on Rules with us, and the "closure" and the application of the power of the Government with the English, have changed both the assemblies in quite the same way. In the House of Commons a temporary rule proposed by the leader of the House has been tried, limiting to twenty days the discussion and action on the regular appropriation bill in Committee; a few days more dispose of the supplementary estimates, and the Chairman and Speaker are both empowered, after the proper time has elapsed, to put summarily, without listening to any dilatory action whatever, all the questions needed to complete the action of the Committee and the House.

It will be seen that in essence this procedure is the same in every way as the procedure under a rule offered in our House by the Committee on Rules.

On both sides of the Atlantic it may be discovered that though the power must always exist in a parliamentary body to regulate its members and to put down obstruction, the true way to legislate is to give all the opportunities for discussion which are compatible with business; but an honest and universal desire to be reasonable in the occupation of time in debate must exist if such liberty of speech is to resume its sway.

Buncombe One of the Counties of England

In the House of Commons there are many opportunities given members to reach their constituents, for Buncombe is a county in England as well as in the United States. The Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union was established by our forefathers, to the end that that county might not be neglected. In England, any member may ask the Minister in charge of the subject a question, and as many as sixty are frequently asked in one day. These questions range from the local needs of "the parish of St. Simon without and St. Walker within" to the state of the Empire in India. These questions, however, are not all a vain show, for they keep the Government alert and correct and prevent many abuses.

After the questions are all over, another refuge can be found for the patriot. He may move to adjourn for the purpose of expressing his views on some matter of public interest. If he can get forty members to stand up with him, or ten to demand a division and get consent of the House, he can fully liberate his mind. So also in Committee of the Whole on Supply, propositions may be made to reduce items so as to enable the mover to comment upon the action of Ministers and so to stir the House as to obtain a vote which sometimes dissolves the Ministry.

Formerly, when the House was asked to go into Committee, the motion that the Speaker leave the chair would have to give way to a motion to redress a grievance, on the doctrine—dear to English liberty—that redress precedes supply. This right became so obstructive that, by standing order, when the time came for the Speaker to put the motion, he left the chair instead, and no chance was permitted to move for redress. If a member of Parliament now desires to give to his constituents the impression that he is active in his trust, he must do so by asking questions, or by the motion to adjourn under the limitations described, or by a motion to lessen an item of supply.

The House of Commons ordinarily sits five days in the week. During the entire session of 1898 it sat but once on a Saturday. On Wedesdays the Speaker takes the chair at twelve o'clock and remains until half-past five, when the business in which the House is engaged ceases, and the other business proper for that day is postponed to the next day, unless the House orders another day for the next action on any of the pending questions. If at 5:30 p. m. the Committee of the Whole is sitting, it rises and the Chairman reports.

The Routine of Hours and of Business

On Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays the House begins its sessions at three o'clock and may work until midnight except during the short period when the Speaker retires informally for tea. At midnight the business, whether in House or Committee, ceases, and if in Committee, the Committee rises and reports. The remaining business appointed for that day is postponed to the next day unless the House selects another day for any measure. No opposed business can be taken up, and usually in three or four minutes the House adjourns. If when midnight arrives, or half-past five comes on Wednesdays, and the debate on a measure is interrupted, any member may move the "closure," and the Speaker or Chairman must remain in his place until all the motions needed have been put. The "closure," however, in the House of Commons or in Committee, must not only have the sanction of the Speaker or Chairman on the putting of the main question, but also on pending amendments or the adoption of the clause, and neither can be put by either Speaker or Chairman unless the Chair thinks it not "an abuse of the rules" or not "an infringement of the rights of the minority."

The "closure," whether put under these circumstances or under others, is somewhat rare, having been asked for during the 119 days of the session of 1898 only twenty-three times—thirteen in the House and ten in the Committee. In the House it had the sanction of the Speaker seven times, and in the Committee the Chairman assented six times. Of these thirteen cases, nine were carried on division and four without. Under the English rule of "closure" the majority sustaining the motion must consist of at least one hundred members. The question can be called for only when the Speaker or the Chairman is in the chair.

While the House practically adjourns under the rules shortly after 5:30 p. m. on Wednesdays and shortly after midnight on other days, the Government may, before the order of the day is taken up, have a question put without amendment or debate enabling the House to exceed this limit on a specified bill. The rule itself on days other than Wednesday is subject to an exception in the case of bills from the Committee of Ways and Means and certain proceedings authorized by law or exempted by the House. When, however, leaving out these exceptions, 5:30 p. m. on Wednesdays and midnight on other days arrive, all dilatory motions drop without question put and matters are arranged for an adjournment as soon as possible.

The ordinary course of business is the same for all days, bills of private members, however, ordinarily having precedence on Wednesdays; and it is as follows:

After prayers the Speaker takes the chair and then private bill business is transacted, no bills being acted upon unless an examiner certifies to the fact that all the standing orders relating to such bills have been complied with or unless the House determines the case to be an exception. Then come petitions which are read, or their substance stated, and laid on the table. After these are disposed of, reports, returns, etc., are laid before the House. Then follow questions previously written out by members and filed under control of the Speaker a due length of time beforehand, and answers by the Minister or Under-Secretary to whose department the subject belongs. After the questions are answered there may be a motion to adjourn in order to discuss a matter of public importance, which has to be disposed of as already stated. Usually, however, questions are followed by motions for leave to bring in new bills. Opposition to the leave to bring in a bill may be made, but it is not usual. At this time, or earlier, business relating to committees may be transacted, such as reporting additions to committees, the names of members appointed on committees, and other routine matters.

Then the House may go into Committee of the Whole for Ways and Means and Supply, depending upon the condition of public business, and may continue for such time as the members please, subject to the rules on adjournment.

The Procedure with Measures of Government

Government measures for which the Ministry are responsible are introduced by the Minister to whose department they belong. Notice has to be given that leave will be asked to introduce the bill. When the time arrives for asking leave, the Minister makes his motion and explains his bill in a suitable speech. Leave is usually granted as a matter of course, though the bill can be fought at that stage, and, if fought, leave to bring it in must be the subject of a division. After leave is granted, either by consent or by a vote, the Speaker asks, "Who is prepared to bring in the bill?" And the Minister gives his own name and

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of Mr. Reed's articles on the World's Great Parliaments.

that of some of his colleagues to whom leave is granted; then the bill is presented, either really or by dummy, and the title read. It often happens that the bill has not been drawn and only the principles are stated.

The Speaker then asks when the second reading is to be, and the time is suggested and agreed upon. On that day thus fixed there is general debate, which discusses the principles of the bill. After such debate comes a division, and if the second reading is voted the bill goes on to the committee stage unless there are proposals, which have first to be disposed of, to instruct the Committee. Then if there be no notice given of instructions, the Speaker, after the bill has been read by title, declares that "the question is that I do now leave the chair." If this is carried the Speaker leaves the chair and goes elsewhere.

The Chairman of the Committees takes the chair at the Clerk's table and the amendments are then considered in the order in which they are printed on the amendment paper. As each section is amended it is passed upon as amended and the whole general principle of the section may be again debated. In Committee the member may speak as often as he can get opportunity. This procedure may go on for weeks until the bill is fully and carefully examined and discussed.

As a rule, the discussions are not at all oratorical, though at some stages the debate may become warm and animated. As each clause is finished, both as to discussion and amendment, the Chairman puts it to the Committee: "The question is that this clause (as amended, if that be the case) stand part of the bill." In our House the clause stands without any vote unless stricken out. Though a bill is not rejected in Committee, yet an adverse vote on a matter of sufficient magnitude, though in Committee, may be fatal to a Ministry.

When the bill has been gone over in Committee the Chairman puts the question, "That I report this bill with amendments to the House." Some of the bills are sent to one of the Grand Committees where they are carefully considered and discussed before they are sent to the Committee of the Whole—and when so considered may not be sent there at all. One of these Grand Committees, that on Law, considers all bills relating to law, courts of justice and legal procedure; another, on Trade Bills, has jurisdiction over trade, which includes agriculture and fishing, shipping and manufactures.

These Grand Committees are sometimes enlarged by adding, for the consideration of a particular bill, fifteen members whose training specially qualifies them to act with the Committee on the bill in question. As an instance, I find that on the twenty-eighth day of February, 1899, Mr. Halsey, from the Committee on Selection, reported the Committee on Law, about sixty members being selected. To these he added in another report fifteen men to act with them in respect of the Public Libraries Bill (Scotland). Another report appointed sixty members to be the Committee on Trade.

Little Chance for Private Members' Bills

But little chance is allowed to the non-official member to pass a bill. He can bring it in; but as out of three hundred and fifty bills, one session, only six passed and the rest fell by the wayside, you can easily see that the chances are against the non-official member. Lots are drawn the first of the session to see who shall have the earlier opportunities, and the fortunate member whose name has been drawn may set down his bill for the first Wednesday left open and have his chance that day, provided the Government, driven by public exigency, does not take it away. If the first place on all the Wednesdays that seem feasible is taken, then the member selects a second place, hoping his senior may be disposed of early enough to give him a chance.

Of course bills have been passed in this way, but when there is a limitation of the time in which a bill can be acted on, and it is not a bill on which you can demand "closure," any opponent can kill it. So well is this understood that the gentle art of killing bills has a name and is called "blocking." We used to have a similar state of things under Speaker Randall and Speaker Carlisle, years ago.

When a bill of either kind gets through the Committee of the Whole, the Speaker resumes his place, and if the bill has not been amended it may be read the third time at once and be passed. An important measure, however, passes on to "the report stage," having been reprinted if materially amended in Committee. Amendments can be offered at this stage and the bill may even be recommitted. After "the report stage" comes the third reading. As we should say, it has been engrossed and the text finally settled, but while that ends amendments it does not end debate. The bill cannot be changed, but there may be even a week's discussion of it as a whole and of its principles. It is rare that a bill is defeated on the third reading.

Careful and prolonged as each stage of an important bill ordinarily is, the code of procedure may be suspended and the bill passed in a day if public exigencies require it.

Costliness of Procedure with Certain Bills

Bills relating to local interests, which are called private bills, are treated in a very complicated manner. The two Houses arrange a division of these bills so that each House may take the initiative on about one-half. The bills are managed by officials in part, and in part by select committees; and there is a regular parliamentary bar, which is well paid; and in general the whole question seems to be so sifted that the action of the House is only formal. A private bill is in many cases so costly a luxury that one seeks consolation in the thought that most of the sums expended go to sustain and support the deserving profession of the law. Though seas divide, they are our brothers, and the mark of the strawberry shines "redly gay."

In concluding this article, which is, of course, but a sketch, I venture to say that one who has watched the radical changes which have happened in procedure here at home will be very much struck with the resemblance between the changes in America and England. By the process called "closure" the English reach the same results which the Previous Question procures for us By the first standing order there are opportunities offered at the end of each day to close up questions which we reach also by the Previous Question. By rules framed for the exigency the power of members to prolong discourse and amendment unreasonably on questions of supply has been curtailed by a special vote in a way which resembles the action of the House under a rule proposed by the Committee on Rules.

These coincidences are remarkable, and especially so to one who appreciates the wide difference between the House of Commons and the House of Representatives. The presence in the House of Commons of a responsible Government alters the general situation in a way which it would take a volume to trace out.

While our system is founded on that of Great Britain, it is strange to see how much we have drifted apart, even in the mere method of putting questions. The Speaker there does not put the question that the House do resolve itself into the Committee of the Whole, but puts the question, "that I do now leave the chair." They do not move to postpone a measure indefinitely—they move that it "be read a second time this day six months." The Speaker does not put the question to strike out and insert, but puts the question that the words to be stricken out "do stand part of the question." If the vote be yea, this ends it. If nay, then the question comes on the words to be inserted.

Queer Way of Counting Disputed Votes

The method of counting is different from anything we have and different from the French method, already described. The Speaker arises in his place and puts the question, "Those who are of that opinion will say aye," and the ayes follow; "the contrary, no," whereupon there follows a shout of "No." Thereupon, if the matter be not a Government measure, the Speaker decides according to the volume of sound, and says, "I think the noes," or "I think the ayes have it." If it be a Government measure then the Speaker says, "I think the ayes have it," and the opponents declare, "The noes have it," and there must be a division.

Immediately, a two-minute sandglass is turned, bells jangle all over the Palace of Westminster, the members rush for the chamber, and all those who arrive before the two minutes can divide, and those upon whom the doors are shut are shut out and cannot vote at all. When the doors are closed the Speaker puts the question again, declares the ayes have it, and if there is again a shout that the noes have it, the Speaker says, "Ayes to the right and noes to the left," and the members go trooping out of either end of the hall into the lobbies, those in the affirmative by the door behind the Speaker, and those in the negative by the door at the opposite end of the chamber.

In the lobbies the members from A to M pass on one side of the desk, having their names recorded, and those from N to Z pass on the other side of the desk and are recorded. As members return to the chamber the tellers for and against, one on each side, count them in concert. This takes about ten minutes, but a division when the House is full takes twenty minutes or more. The first announcement made is by the Clerk handing to the winning teller the vote which shows he has won. The particulars come later.

The final announcement is made by the Speaker: "Ayes to the right, 200; noes to the left, 100." A count by ayes and noes with us takes half an hour or more, because each member has his name called and responds *viva voce*.

In the Committee of the Whole the division is conducted in the same way as in the House. With us there can be no "yeas and nays" in Committee of the Whole—volume of sound and the rising vote or the vote by tellers settle the question.

The House of Commons sits in a manner worthy of a free people. Questions are for the most part discussed in a business way in a hall where each man can be heard. While its members may have unlimited hours they seldom exceed a reasonable time. Speeches are not read and men do not expect to say what they cannot remember. With full power over the purse of a great country and with a responsible Ministry finally amenable to its members, the House of Commons has elements of strength which no other single parliamentary body has ever had thus far in the history of the world.

Mrs. Winstead's Mistakes

By Molly Elliot Seawell

WHEN Mr. James Brooke Winstead took his wife and two daughters to Europe for an indefinite stay, he did so for the same reason that Macaulay says Archbishop Cranmer was burned at the stake—because he could not help himself. Most American fathers and husbands are constrained by the same motive in doing the same thing. The Winsteads had made two or three pleasant summer trips to Europe—holidays bright with visions of glorious cathedrals, of noble art palaces, of all that beauty and splendor which make the Continent of Europe the treasure-house of the world. They had come back prepared to enjoy American life the more, bringing with them new and charming ideas, and a better appreciation of the art of living. These they put in practice so well in their own pleasant country home that they seemed to have achieved an idyllic life. Just at this time, though, the microbe which infests the brains of so many American matrons—the notion of living entirely abroad and of her two handsome daughters making brilliant European marriages—attacked Mrs. Winstead.

She may be described as a sweet and sensible woman, devoted to her husband, her children and her home; but this microbe is liable to lodge in the very best mental organisms. Once it had appeared in Mrs. Winstead's head it grew with frightful rapidity. She had caught the infection from a friend of hers, a lady with a daughter in no way comparable to Adela or Constance Winstead, but who had married a county baronet in England. Mrs. Winstead looked at her two handsome girls and said to herself, "Why not?"

Mr. Winstead, like most American men, was under the heel of his wife and daughters; but he was perfectly capable of shaking off the tyrant's foot when it suited him.

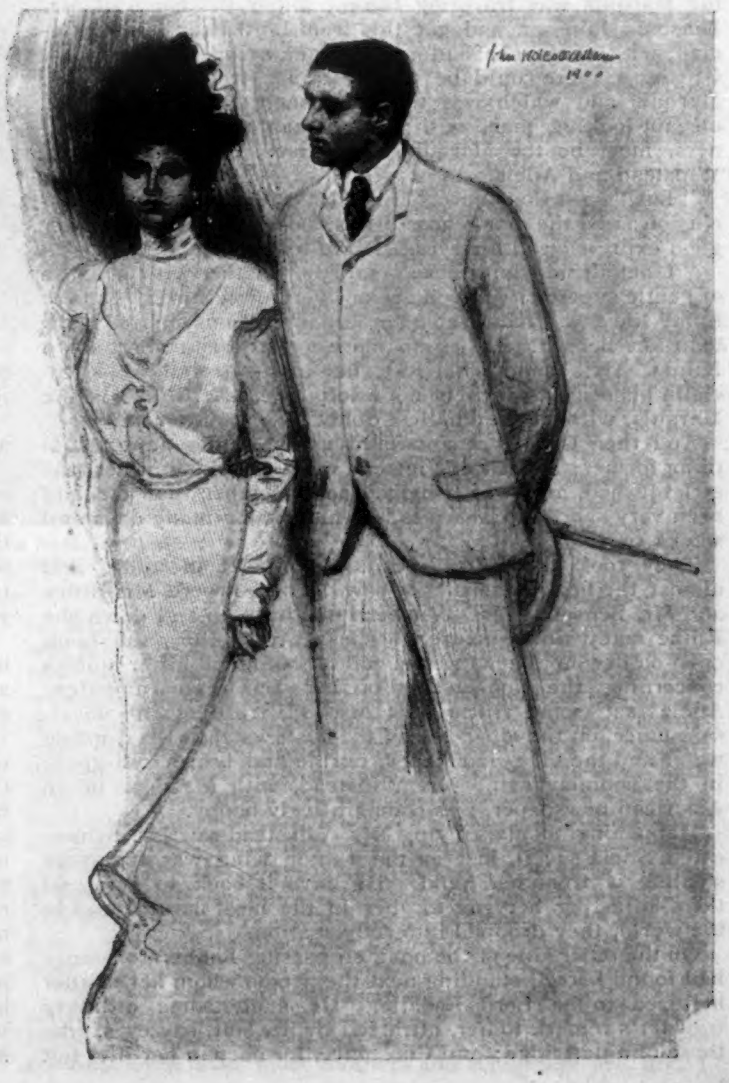
It was not, however, with gayety of heart that he found himself embarked with his family upon an ocean liner for a stay in Europe which was alleged to be for three years, but which Mrs. Winstead privately meant to last until both Adela and Constance had done quite as well as her friend's daughter.

Adela, who was very like her mother, was of delicate, stately beauty. Constance had a delicious shyness, which was occasionally exchanged for the most audacious pertness; and, although not so regularly beautiful as her sister, was ineffably charming. Mr. and Mrs. Winstead were a handsome middle-aged pair, and altogether the Winsteads might be called a happy family, until—but that's another story.

When they reached the other side they went through with that campaign so familiar, alas! to so many American fathers. After a wild orgy of dressmakers and milliners in Paris, where they committed the most desperate excesses in the way of shopping, they spent the summer at the smartest Swiss hotels; in the autumn they went to Florence; the winter was spent in Rome; the spring on the Riviera. That summer they went to Norway and Sweden; in the autumn, to Constantinople and the Crimea. The winter was spent in St. Petersburg and the spring in London, where they remained during the whole season.

They had then been abroad two years, and Mrs. Winstead, on casting up her accounts, found that as far as the object to be attained went she was precisely at zero. They had met, in their travels, great numbers of persons of all nationalities, hordes of Americans on the wing, like themselves. They had met various barons and baronesses, counts and countesses, artists and professors, and all the sorts and conditions of men that make up the stream of European travel. But, like the Winsteads, they were simply floating with the current, attached to nothing.

Mrs. Winstead, by that time, had also waked to the fact that Americans, in order to have a fixed position abroad, must have either enormous wealth, great family or diplomatic connections, or else be prepared entirely to abjure and ignore their country, and to regard themselves, not as



Americans, but as Europeans. This class of Americans, she found, were particularly averse to knowing those of their own countrymen and countrywomen who were merely lodgers over night in the great caravansaries. Mrs. Winstead was quite clever enough to see the reason for this. If those people, whose ties with America were now remote, undertook to be civil to one-half the Americans they met, who might be supposed to have some sort of claim to an acquaintanceship, their time would be wholly taken up; so they quietly cut the whole lot—the only feasible thing to do.

While these thoughts were crowding upon Mrs. Winstead's mind, she was sitting on the deck of a Rhine steamer, on a glorious August day. She realized that she had gone hunting for big game with bird shot. One does not come upon great elk while going around the corner for an airing. She would need to settle down in some place, to stay there two, three, five years, perhaps—until she had taken root, so to speak—and then she would be prepared to turn her back upon all other denationalized Americans, just as the latter coolly ignored her, her husband and daughters; but whether she would be able to do this or not was the question.

These two years had brought about developments of character in the four Winsteads which might have been expected. Adela had quite fallen in with her mother's views. She felt herself totally unfitted for life in America, and was, if the truth were known, equally unfitted for life in Europe; but she flattered herself that with her beauty and her smart gowns and her soft voice she was fully capable of taking a high position anywhere. Adela and her mother had become more and more deeply intimate in those two years that they were thrown upon each other, because Constance and her father had drawn together in such a way as to exclude effectually the mother and Adela. Mr. Winstead was never truly happy unless he was buried up to his ears in American newspapers. Constance, who realized that her mother was chasing rainbows, felt a deep disgust at the whole business. She longed to be back in her own country, and that longing transformed everything in Europe to her jaundiced eyes.

She thought the Cathedral of Cologne grim, and Versailles rather an uninteresting place; and Constance—mind you—was one of the cleverest of girls. It was a source of mystery and distress to Mrs. Winstead that her beautiful Adela should not receive more attention than she did. There was, perhaps, one explanation which was unknown to her, and this was that in every hotel smoking-room, from Moscow to Paris, Mr. Winstead had taken occasion to declare publicly that neither one of his daughters should have a penny as a marriage dowry; and thus this unnatural father blasted his beautiful daughters' prospects.

The Winsteads did not quarrel openly—they were too well-bred for that. Mr. and Mrs. Winstead still "my loved" and "my deared" each other; the girls were sisterly, and affectionate to their parents; but there was a division in their hearts. There was something like a tiff at the hotel at Cologne. Two gentlemen had dined at the table d'hôte the evening before. One was a very well-set-up man, pleasant of speech and looks, and evidently an American or an Englishman. The other was what Mrs. Winstead declared to be a thoroughly plebeian person. His hair was sandy, his straggling beard looked like hay; he had very little to say, and what he said was chiefly about South America. The two men were traveling together, and evidently chums. In the evening, when the Winsteads were sitting in the courtyard drinking tea, under a bright moon, Adela remarked that Jameson (their maid) had told her that these two gentlemen were the Marquis of Esdaile and his friend, Mr. Bruce; that the Marquis was traveling incog., under the name of Mr. Benson. Jameson had got this from Lord Esdaile's gentleman, with whom she had made acquaintance below stairs. Of course, there could be no question as to which was the Marquis and which was the commoner. That well-made, elegant-looking man, with his agreeable, unaffected manners, must be the Marquis, of course. So declared Mrs. Winstead and Adela.

"But," said Constance, "I think that is rather a rash conclusion; and the man whose beard looks like hay has a very good expression in his eyes. I like his looks extremely."

"I am afraid, Constance," said her mother with a smile of gentle superiority, "you are not very discerning. I never in my life saw a man who gave less indications of good birth than Mr. Benson. He is no more a Marquis than I am a Hindu. His hands, his feet, his ears—everything—proclaim his origin, which is not a lofty one. Mr. Bruce is the Marquis, without the smallest doubt."

And then Constance answered tartly, rather an unusual thing for her; and Mrs. Winstead quietly looking at her, the girl blushed, and was ashamed to remember that she had been very short and sharp to her mother for many days and weeks past.

They took the Rhine steamer the next morning, and almost the first persons they saw on board were Mr. Bruce and Mr. Benson. Mrs. Winstead had been up and down the Rhine many times before, so she sat, with the guide-book open on her lap, chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies concerning the non-success of her European campaign. Adela sat some little distance off, reading a novel. Constance, on the other side of the boat, watched the rippling water and the vine-clad steeps, purple and brown and green in the noonday sun. Mr. Winstead, with his nose in an American newspaper, was comparatively happy.

Happening to glance up, Mrs. Winstead saw Mr. Benson catch Adela's veil, just as the wanton wind was roguishly stealing it from her hand. He gave it back to her, and then, adjusting her rug for her in the most natural way in the world, they dropped into conversation.

On the other side of the boat, on passing Bonne, Constance had found herself standing next the person whom her mother believed to be Lord Esdaile. He made some ordinary traveler's remark to her, attracted by her soft, shy eyes, like those of a partridge; and Constance, for once in her life, felt not in the least shy, and answered him; and in five minutes they were talking away as merrily as possible. She knew the Rhine better than he and, to her amazement and his amusement, found herself giving him large sections out of the guide-book, which she professed to be original information. But Bruce, seeing the guide-book tucked under her jacket, flatly accused her of her deception, and Constance was forced to admit it. In an hour, so keen and immediate was the sympathy established between them, that Bruce had told her his whole story. He was an American.

"Thank Heaven," said Constance piously.

"Thank you," said Bruce laughing; "but what Europeans have ill-treated you that you should give thanks on meeting one of your own countrymen?"

"None of them has treated me ill," said Constance; "but I have been away from the United States for two years, and oh! I am so homesick! I cannot describe it to you."

"I have been away only three months," said Bruce, "but I am already homesick."

Constance glanced up at him—she had a pretty way of doing it—and said:

"But you are not an American."

"You don't think I am, do you? Well, Miss Winstead (for I saw your name in your guide-book), I must tell you that I was born and brought up under the Eagle's wing. I am an American. I never was out of my own country for more than three months at a time, in my life. I am a cattleman, and once a year, when the cattle are shipped to England, I take a fast liner over, and so combine business and pleasure. I think that I was meant for the law, or the ministry, or something of the sort; but after I was graduated from Harvard I paid a visit to a friend of mine, a ranchman out in Colorado; and that was enough. It fixed my destiny. Like those old Greeks and Romans, I like to be among the cattle and the horses. It is glorious to be out on the range, as I am, sometimes weeks at a time, without ever sleeping in a house, and with nothing but a blanket between you and the earth, and nothing at all between you and God's heaven. It is a free and glorious life. For nine months in the year I can be as barbarous as I please. I lead a life like those old Etruscan shepherds, before the days of the Roman Empire, for they were cattlemen, too, you understand. Then for three months I come abroad and turn myself into a howling swell, that is, as far as I can. What is it puzzles you?" This was asked in reply to another question that Constance Winstead's expressive eyes asked him.

"This puzzles me," she replied, after a pause, and with her shy, pretty smile. "I know that you are an impostor." (Oh, Constance, and you are reckoned a shy girl!) "I know that you are an impostor," firmly continued Constance with the greatest intrepidity. "You call yourself Mr. Bruce, and you may be a naturalized American, but I know that you are Lord Esdaile."

Bruce's mouth came open as if it were on hinges. He laughed in a way to do a man's soul good.

"You are wrong," he replied, "but I will tell you the whole story, if you will swear to me, on your word of honor, that you will never breathe it to a living human being; because I am a traitor to tell you, and traitors always suspect each other."

"That is true," said Constance; "but I will swear, all the same. I love a secret; I never had one."

"Very well, then; this is it: You have got the wrong end of the story. That fellow over there talking to your sister—for she must be your sister—is Lord Esdaile—one of the very best fellows that ever breathed. He lived with me out on the ranch for nearly two years, and of course we are great chums. He is an odd sort of a fellow in some ways, and the only man I have ever seen in my life who was absolutely and unqualifiedly a republican. You know, what we really think in our hearts is, 'Let's all be equals, and I'll be king.' Not so Esdaile—I mean Benson. His title, and all which it entails, bothers him to death. So he proposed to me this summer, when we arranged to make this little journey, that he should cut the title altogether and be Mr. Benson; and I was not to give him away. I swore, and behold the result."

Such was the remark of a man that Constance Winstead had never seen nor heard of in her life twenty-four hours before; but so pleasantly was it said, so agreeably honest was Mr. Bruce's face, and so thoroughly American his manner, that Constance smiled and blushed in the prettiest way possible.

"Now, are you going to give me away?" said Bruce anxiously.

"As you have given your friend away? No; I won't."

"Well, I am not so sure that Esdaile—I mean Benson—has not played me a trick. That confounded valet of his, I think, has been telling people that I am Lord Esdaile, and I am not at all sure that Esdaile did not put him up to the trick. So I intend to get even with him: hence my telling you."

And then Mr. Winstead appeared, and, gravitating toward his favorite daughter, Constance demurely introduced him, and the two American gentlemen promptly fell in love with each other.

Mrs. Winstead beamed with delight as she watched the rapid strides in friendship that her usually reserved Constance was making with Lord Esdaile, as she fully believed Bruce to be. It was strange that he had not taken to Adela, who was certainly much handsomer than Constance; but Mrs. Winstead knew that, in marriage, the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; and she was rather annoyed at the persistence with which Benson clung to Adela's company. It cannot be denied that he was a most ordinary looking person, and Adela Winstead's refined beauty made his lack of it the more conspicuous. However, he was Lord Esdaile's chum. Mrs. Winstead found herself in the position of those people who chase a bird, which, when it is out of reach, comes down and seeks captivity.

Long before they reached Bingen the two parties had become amalgamated. Even Jameson, a very smart lady's maid, and Cutts, the joint valet for the two gentlemen, were deep in a roaring flirtation on the lower deck.

The Winsteads were to debark at Biberach. Bruce and Benson had intended to go on to Mentz, but, by the mere exchange of a look, and a wink tipped to Cutts, their luggage was ready to be put ashore when, in the dusky beauty of the August twilight, the boat stopped at Biberach.

They were the only passengers landing at that place, and the party just filled a couple of carriages. Mrs. Winstead and Adela, with Mr. Benson, who refused to be shaken off, sitting on the front seat, were in one carriage; and Constance and her father, inseparable as usual, with Bruce—his knees drawn up almost into his mouth, in the little extra seat—in the other carriage. They drove off merrily, down that long avenue which extends in a straight line for two miles, from the banks of the Rhine to Wiesbaden. The electric lights gleamed fitfully through the trees, the air was balmy and the company was agreeable; for Mrs. Winstead was perfectly willing to put up with Benson as an adjunct of Bruce, *alias* the Marquis of Esdaile.

The Winsteads had engaged rooms at a pretty villa; for Mrs. Winstead had by that time learned enough of the chase she was engaged in not to go to the fine hotels, where people see nothing of each other. And Bruce and Benson, by some occult means, got rooms directly opposite; and at Wiesbaden this quaint, sad comedy was played out, as will be presently told.

Naturally, the two parties saw much of each other. Mr. Winstead liked the two young men better the more he saw of them. Mrs. Winstead could not find it in her heart to dislike a Marquis or the chum of a Marquis. She, however, saw very little of them. She was taking the cure, which kept her very much in her room or at the bath-houses; and in all their various expeditions the two young women were chaperoned by their father, and the same arrangement which had fallen out on the Rhine steamer continued. Benson was always hanging on to Adela's petticoats; Bruce was devoted to Constance; Mr. Winstead oscillated between the two, newspaper in hand.

Adela grew very tired of Benson, but she put up with him patiently, being a good sister.

"Only, mamma," she said one day, as that lady lay, enveloped in rugs, after her bath, "it is very provoking the mystery those two keep up about Lord Esdaile. Esdaile—that is to say, Mr. Bruce—persists in saying that he is an American, and then Mr. Benson, laughing, contradicts him. It seems that they have both been on a ranch a good deal, and they are doing everything they can to confuse their identity, I believe. I think it rather silly. Of course I have not hinted in the least, and I don't think papa has, either, that we suspect that either one of them is Lord Esdaile; because Jameson says that the instant anybody has discovered who Lord Esdaile is on this trip he has dropped him. It is his notion to make it incog., and he means to carry it out. But they evidently wish to puzzle us. Of one thing only I am sure: that Mr. Bruce is Lord Esdaile, in spite of his declarations that he is an American; because every time he says he is an American Mr. Benson laughs with such a queer twinkle in his eyes that I can see the whole thing."

"Very well, my dear," replied Mrs. Winstead. "Mr. Bruce, as he calls himself, is evidently a very presentable young man." (Presentable for a son-in-law was what Mrs. Winstead really meant, though she did not say so.) "But Mr. Benson seems determined to monopolize you. That I don't like very much."

Mrs. Winstead liked this less than ever on that very same day, because Baron von Koller, one of the few men they had met of any value whatever who had been attracted by Adela, had that day arrived at Wiesbaden. There could be no doubt about Von Koller's position. He was by no means one of those straggling barons and counts that may be met with all over Europe, whose hopes fluctuate between the gaming-table and the hope of marrying an heiress. Although a poor man, he was undoubtedly a person of consequence, and was often seen walking arm-in-arm with his ambassador. The Winsteads had met him at Brussels, at Paris, at Nice, and a few other places; and although Mrs. Winstead by no means reckoned a German baron as the equal of an English baronet, still anything was better than a plain American. Mr. Winstead had been a struggling bank clerk when she married him, but the notion of one of her daughters marrying a bank clerk filled Mrs. Winstead with a stupefaction of amazement.

The ex-bank clerk whom she had married, though, was by no means particularly pleased with Baron von Koller. He called him a chump. (Mr. Winstead continued to speak the American language, in spite of the protest of his wife.) What basis he had for characterizing the Baron as a chump he never gave, or at least, in the vaguest manner; but he had repeated in every place that he had met Von Koller, at least once during their sojourn and in that gentleman's hearing, that he did not mean to give his daughters a dollar on their marriage.

On the very day of Von Koller's arrival the Winsteads and their two friends were taking tea in the public gardens and listening to the music, when Baron von Koller sauntered over to them, from another table, where he had been sitting with a very handsome woman and her duenna. He professed to be delighted to meet them all. Mr. Winstead—American fashion—introduced him to Bruce and Benson, and the geniality of the party seemed likely to be increased by the Baron's company. He told them all the gossip of the place, which he claimed to have had from his friend whom he had left—Madame Mezzofaranti. He asked them all their plans and showed a fixed determination to attach himself to them. Now, a real baron, who walks to the spring in the morning arm-in-arm with the ambassador, is not to be despised at Wiesbaden or any other spa in Germany. So

Mrs. Winstead was heartily glad to see Von Koller; and then she glanced around at Madame Mezzofaranti. Europeans are not always parading their titles, but she surely remembered, in Rome—or was it in Florence—Madame la Princesse Mezzofaranti? she asked Von Koller, in an aside.

"Yess, Madame," said Von Koller; "that ess Madame la Princesse"—and here he laughed—"Madame la Princesse Mezzofaranti. A charming woman, I assure you. And has a dog, Fifi, who is of supernatural intelligence. Poems have been written about Fifi; he has been photographed and reproduced in many great international journals. Oh, Madame and Fifi are well known, I assure you."

Now, Mrs. Winstead, this otherwise sensible American woman, had seen things at the wrong angle for so long a time that she had got an entirely oblique vision of every lady with a handle to her name—or gentleman, either, for that matter. Madame la Princesse Mezzofaranti, and Fifi, the dog! As they got up and were going out of the garden, passing by Madame Mezzofaranti's table, she saw this wonderful Fifi. She dropped her handkerchief. The dog—a maltese, which looked like a small woolly sheep—ran forward and tore it. Madame Mezzofaranti sprang up and apologized profusely. Mrs. Winstead behaved like an angel. Nothing could be more amiable than the two ladies.

Could there be a more auspicious beginning of an acquaintance? Mrs. Winstead, though outwardly calm and dignified, was, in truth, in an ecstasy. A count, an earl, and a princess. What game was there! There was, however, nothing ecstatic about Mr. Winstead when they exchanged confidences that night.

"I tell you what it is, Ellen," said Mr. Winstead, "I don't take any stock in that Madame Mezzosoprano, or whatever you call her. If ever I have seen genteel adventuress writ large all over a woman, it is that one. It's a very dangerous thing for people with handsome daughters to take up with all sorts of chance acquaintances, like this Madame What's-Her-Name."

"That sounds well, James," replied Mrs. Winstead in that tone of icy sweetness which frequently occurs in American matrimonial discussions, "considering the footing of intimacy upon which Mr. Bruce and Mr. Benson are established with our daughters—an intimacy which began, I think, on a Rhine steamer. We did not even have the advantage of mutual acquaintances, as in the case of Madame Mezzofaranti, whom you allude to in that disrespectful manner."

"That's all right, Ellen," said Mr. Winstead; "but I think I haven't been on this planet fifty-four years without finding out something, and I know Bruce and Benson to be gentlemen. They speak the English language, too, by gad. But Von Koller and his friend, and Fifi, I frankly admit I don't know anything about, and I am always afraid of people that I don't know anything about."

"I don't see how you can say you don't know anything about Baron von Koller," replied Mrs. Winstead. "We have known him for over a year. You know perfectly well that he belongs to the very best clubs in Paris, Berlin, Vienna and Rome, and we know that he is on good terms at the embassies at all of those places."

"Hang it!" said Mr. Winstead; "but what club does he belong to in London or New York? Tell me that, Ellen, and I will tell you all about Baron von Koller."

Mrs. Winstead disdained to continue the argument any longer. She found these grotesque prejudices of Mr. Winstead's increasing year by year. It would not have surprised her in the least, if either one of her daughters had been offered an alliance into the Borghese, the Montmorency, or the Metternich families, to have Mr. Winstead declare that he did not know who the ragamuffins were, and therefore refuse his consent.

Fate, however, befriended Mrs. Winstead. It has been said that Providence takes care of women and fools; and it certainly seemed as if a special Providence, at this stage of the proceedings, looked after Mrs. Winstead's plans. The next morning an expedition to Biberach was proposed, and, as usual, Mr. Bruce and Mr. Benson were included. They were to take seats in a charabanc, which they supposed to be reserved for themselves; but when it drew up at the door of the villa, Madame la Princesse Mezzofaranti, with Fifi of course, was sitting inside, with Baron von Koller. Mrs. Winstead was pleased, but surprised; but Baron von Koller, who really had very good manners, and concealed vast impudence under a polished exterior, jumped out and explained the matter.

"Madame la Princesse," he said, "was extremely anxious to go to Biberach this morning, and as I did not know whether you had taken the whole charabanc or not, I ventured to take the liberty of an old friend" (they had known Von Koller just about eighteen months), "and suggested to Madame la Princesse that she should get in it with me, and see if you would not permit us to share it with you, going and coming."

Now, two years previous, before Mrs. Winstead had parted with all her American spirit and independence, she would have quietly resented such a liberty; but it is the misfortune of Americans who live abroad to lose all capacity of resenting liberties; they are rather pleased than otherwise. It is true that Mr. Winstead muttered, under his breath, to Constance, "Of all the ——— impudence ——!" But there was a lady in the case. Mr. Winstead had not been born in America for nothing. He could no more have ordered or intimated to a woman to get out of his charabanc than he could have knocked her down. Adela bowed with great politeness to Madame la Princesse. Constance did not notice her; and when Fifi attempted to make friends with her, coolly refused that individual's advances. She blushed deeply when she looked at Benson and Bruce; although both of them preserved the calm impassiveness of well-bred persons. Her father sat fuming, next her; and so they jolted along down the straight, linden-lined avenue until they saw the glittering expanse of the Rhine before them.

They were to make a day of it, having dinner and supper at a little hotel on the outskirts of the town. It was certainly very pleasant; and two things became obvious to Mrs. Winstead. One was that Mr. Benson, the man with the beard like hay, was deeply smitten with the beautiful Adela; and another was that Baron von Koller, who had been attentive to Adela, off and on, ever since he knew her, was not pleased at Mr. Benson's attentions and was spurred on to make very marked demonstrations himself. The fact is, Von Koller, who was a man of brains, placed no confidence whatever in that assertion, so often made within his hearing and meant for his ears, by Mr. Winstead, that not a dollar should either of his daughters have upon their marriage. He saw clear into the American's generous soul, and he knew perfectly well that all his daughters needed to get anything out of him was to ask him. And Adela was certainly very handsome; and besides, Von Koller had a juster appreciation of who Benson was than the misguided Mrs. Winstead.

And it was equally plain that Bruce was very much captivated with Constance; and that Bruce was the Marquis of Esdaile Mrs. Winstead was just as certain of as she was that Moses wrote the Pentateuch.

As for Madame la Princesse, she was thrown entirely upon Mr. and Mrs. Winstead and Fifi, for Von Koller showed her the most singular coldness, after having dumped her upon the party. The truth was, that in a very short space of time Von Koller had come to a sudden resolution. He wanted to marry Adela; and if he had known himself as well that morning at eight o'clock as he did at twelve o'clock he never would have brought Madame la Princesse along.

However, it was pleasant enough for all; and when they rattled back over the sandy road, in the cool dusk of evening, things had not really been bad for any of them. Constance, with a beating heart, sat next Bruce. He had spoken a few hurried words to her, holding her hand, in a shady grove, and momentarily out of sight of the rest of the party, which had made her the happiest girl in the world. Even Madame la Princesse had no reason to be seriously dissatisfied, because she had inveigled Mrs. Winstead into a promise to look at some old fans, laces, etc., which she alleged to belong to a friend of hers, and which were going to be given away, practically, by which Madame la Princesse expected to turn an honest penny, of which Mrs. Winstead had no knowledge.

Von Koller had persuaded himself that he was far more agreeable to Adela than Mr. Benson was. All the same, Mr. Benson did not seem disposed to be run out of the field, and for a week gave Baron von Koller the very greatest uneasiness. Mrs. Winstead, however, did not regard him seriously at all.

But at the end of that week she was forced to regard him very seriously; because, sitting in the woods one day, alone, near that beautiful Greek church which marks the resting-place of the Grand Duchess who died at nineteen years of age, and for a sight of whose tomb a charge of a mark is made—up came Mr. Benson. He and Mrs. Winstead had been upon the most distant terms, as detrimentals are apt to be with the mothers of their lady-loves; so that it was surprising that Mr. Benson should seat himself, and begin to talk to Mrs. Winstead. But in a very little while his object was plainly disclosed. He was in love with Adela, and had just parted from Mr. Winstead, with whom he had had an interview which mightily increased the respect of the one for the other. Mr. Winstead, like an obedient American husband, had referred him to Mrs. Winstead, and to her Mr. Benson presented his case. He was deeply in love with Adela. Mr. Winstead had told him that Adela would have no marriage portion, which the more astute von Koller knew to be a fallacy, but which Benson firmly believed. Benson had said, however, like a man, that it made no difference: it was the girl he wanted, and not her portion; and so he told Mrs. Winstead. That lady did not need time for reflection. She said to him, very kindly, but with extreme firmness:

"Mr. Benson, I am sorry—very sorry—that you have conceived this attachment for my daughter, Adela. I think I know my daughter's heart perfectly well. We are more intimate even than most mothers and daughters are, and I

DRAWN BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

The Winsteads and their two friends were taking tea in the public gardens when Baron von Koller sauntered over to them

think she has a very strong predilection for Baron von Koller. As for yourself, I feel sure that you must have presented my husband with entirely satisfactory proofs concerning yourself before he sent you to me. But I will say to you frankly, even were Baron von Koller not to be considered, that my daughter has been accustomed to a luxurious life, and I do not think she is well adapted to a man in moderate circumstances. I say this without the slightest prejudice to you; and, if you will pardon me for saying it, my daughter is not only well fitted for a high position and a title, but I do not really think that she is fitted for anything else than that."

Benson's florid complexion grew a shade paler, and his honest eyes had a look of disquietude in them.

"Do I understand you to state, Mrs. Winstead," he said, "that your daughter is attached to Baron von Koller?"

Now, Mrs. Winstead meant to tell the truth; but she also did not mean that such an insignificant person as Benson should stand between an offer of marriage from a man like Von Koller, who walked arm-in-arm with ambassadors and dined with Royal Princesses, to Adela. So she said in the same tone of gentle firmness:

"Yes, Mr. Benson, I may say so. I have heard as much from my daughter's lips." That is to say, she had heard Adela say a few words, admitting a liking for Von Koller, which Mrs. Winstead had interpreted according to the bent of her own mind.

"Then," said Mr. Benson, rising with perfect dignity, and looking every inch the gentleman, in spite of his beard being like hay, "I have nothing more to say. In regard to Miss Winstead's marriage portion, I can only mention, as I did to Mr. Winstead, that it was perfectly immaterial to me. I take no credit for this disinterestedness. My income, as Marquis of Esdaile (for that is my real name and rank, as you probably know), makes fortune an object of no consequence to me in the woman I marry. I take it for granted that you know this, because, although upon this tour I have used my family name of Benson, I do not suppose that an unimportant secret has been absolutely kept. Your daughter Constance knows it, through my friend Mr. Bruce. I can only say that, had high position and wealth been all your daughter required to make her happy, I could have given her that; but I judge from your words that her affections are engaged, and I respect her the more, and you, madam, too, for telling me so frankly."

Mrs. Winstead, during these words, grew as pale as death. She was mute for half a minute, while Benson stood calmly looking down upon her; and then she gasped out faintly:

"Per—perhaps I was mistaken. It would be at least worth while to ask my daughter."

"I think not," replied the poor Marquis, who was the most modest fellow that ever lived, and had really seen, with his own eyes, some indications of a preference for Von Koller, and was too proud and shy for his own good. "I have the honor, madam, to bid you good-morning and good-by." And he was gone.

Mrs. Winstead neither screamed nor fainted; but she wanted to do both. While she sat, trembling and despairing, she saw Adela coming toward her. The girl looked pale and frightened.

"Mamma," she said, seating herself by her mother, "Von Koller spoke to me this morning and I sent him to papa."

Mrs. Winstead turned two miserable eyes on her beautiful daughter. How insignificant seemed Von Koller at that moment. The Marchioness of Esdaile! And how should she tell Adela? There was a silence for a time. Then Adela spoke again.

"And just as I was passing through the forest just now I met Mr. Benson. He looked very strange; stopped and spoke to me; said good-by; and told me that he was about to take the train for Frankfort, and thought he would be able to catch a steamer for South America from Hamburg."

Mrs. Winstead gasped.

"What ails you, mamma?" asked Adela.

"Mr. Benson," said Mrs. Winstead, "is the Marquis of Esdaile!"

The two women sat looking at each other in speechless disappointment. They said a few meaningless words, and Mrs. Winstead was trying to nerve herself to tell the whole dreadful truth to Adela, when Mr. Winstead strode toward them. He looked gayer and more debonair than Mrs. Winstead had seen him since he left America, and planting himself before them, with his hands behind his back, he began:

"Listen, you girls. I have been going through with a regular play this morning, like a stage father. Nothing but offers for my daughters. I referred them all to Mrs. Winstead. Of the three gentlemen who approached me, two were men and one was a cad. One of the men was Benson, but I will tell you about that presently. The cad was Von Koller. He asked permission to pay his addresses to you, Adela. I told him to go and ask your mother—I had very little to do with it; but that my daughter would get a check for $1000 on her wedding morning, and that she would not get another penny until my will was read. At this, the fellow backed and filled. He said he knew I was not in earnest. I told him, then, to go ahead and ask you. He told me I could not be so unnatural. I told him to try me and see how unnatural I could be. He said it was an outrage. I told him if he said another word to me I would kick him full of holes, and ordered him out of the room."

Mr. Winstead stopped, caressed his chin gently and smiled. It did him good to play the American father; it was a rôle that suited him. Mrs. Winstead and Adela were strangely silent; but Mr. Winstead was so interested in telling his tale that he paid little attention to his audience.

"I had scarcely fired him out when up comes Bruce. Bruce, you understand, is an American and a gentleman. I looked him up and know all about his clubs and everything of that sort. He wants to marry Constance; and I made the same remark to him, except that I cut Constance's check on her wedding day down to $500. 'Just as you please, Mr. Winstead,' he said. 'I should not have asked for your daughter's hand if I had not been in a position to support her. I am not a rich man; but I am probably as well off as you were when you married her mother.' I said, 'Yes; I was a bank clerk then, on two thousand a year, and we thought we were rich.' 'Well,' said Bruce with a grin, 'I have a good deal more than that, but I don't suppose it will go any further than your two thousand did. At all events, give me the young lady, and you can give your money to an asylum for cats and dogs if you like.' 'Well,' I said, 'talking about giving my money; you haven't actually got my consent yet, because it really depends upon Mrs. Winstead.' 'All right,' says Bruce; 'I will ask Mrs. Winstead, with pleasure. I wish to show the parents of the young lady I marry every mark of respect; but I tell you frankly, Mr. Winstead, neither your consent nor Mrs. Winstead's is absolutely necessary. We would like to have it, but we can get on without it.' I wish you could have seen the look in the fellow's eye when he said that. He had such a pleasant grin on his face, that I actually, like an old fool, shook hands with him, and said, 'All right; go along and fix it up with Mrs. Winstead.' Then I was so pleased with my morning's work that I determined to hunt you up and tell you about it. Just as I was passing the lodgings of Madame la Princesse Mezzosoprano, I heard a great row, and there was Madame la Princesse and her maid and Fifi, and forty trunks, all tumbling out; and the lodging-house keeper having a regular logomachy with the Mezzosoprano about the payment of rent. I told you that woman was a swindler. I don't know what Von Koller meant by introducing her into the bosom of my family; but one thing is certain: you have got to cut that whole Mezzosoprano crowd, including that infernal dog."

Here was worse and worse. Mr. Winstead paused, to get breath and clear his throat.

"And then, by the Lord Harry, when I was walking through the forest I ran up against Benson. Benson told me good-by; said he was going to try to catch the train, so as to make a steamer at Hamburg. I told him I was very glad to have known him; that he was a man all around; and that if he ever came to the United States I hoped he would let me know. The fellow took out his card case, and handed me a card; and here it is." Mr. Winstead produced a card with a great flourish. On it was inscribed simply:

"THE MARQUIS OF ESDAILE,
"ESDAILE CASTLE."

"I told him that if I ever came to England again I would look him up, with pleasure; that I had heard some tales of a Marquis lying around loose in our party, but that I didn't concern myself about such things; and at all events, I was glad we had met; and we parted the very best friends you ever saw."

By this time the mysterious silence and paleness of his wife and daughter at last attracted Mr. Winstead's attention; and then Mrs. Winstead, actually bursting into tears, told the whole miserable story of her interview with the Marquis. Before she was half through Adela was sobbing in her arms.

Meanwhile a stroke was preparing for the two ladies which they little expected. Mr. Winstead walked up, and putting his hat on the back of his head and thrusting his hands in his pockets (a habit which Mrs. Winstead had struggled to eradicate from him ever since he had been in Europe), he planted his feet squarely and spoke out in all the majesty of American manhood.

"Now look here," he said, "I won't stand any more of this infernal foolishness. It has got to stop right here. I shall go right down to Cook's Agency and get anything they have got, on any line of steamers, that will take us back to the United States. Do you hear that, Ellen? And when once we get back there, I give you my word of honor that you won't get to Europe again, for more than three months at a time, until you come on my life insurance."

Constance and Bruce, who were enjoying themselves mightily in the salon, were notified of the change in the Winsteads' plans, an intimation which Constance received with a cry of joy, while Bruce ran for his life to Cook's to see if he could get a room for himself on the same steamer.

Within an hour Mr. Winstead reappeared, happy, but determined.

"It's all right," he said; "we sail a week from to-morrow, and we leave this infernal hole of a place to-day. I have been around paying bills, and I found out that all those pearls that you bought, Ellen, upon the instigation of that Mezzosoprano woman, were false. However, I paid the bill. I wasn't going around proclaiming that my wife had been taken in by a barefaced impostor. And you can keep the pearls. They will be a kind of *memento mori* to you of some of your European experiences."

And sure enough, that day week the Winsteads were going down the Channel toward the setting sun.

And furthermore, as the good are apt in this world to be happy in the end, events turned out better than might have been expected. On putting her foot upon American soil Mrs. Winstead's common-sense returned to her. So did Adela's, in a measure; and she showed it by marrying, within two years, one of the brightest young lawyers in New York, and going to live in a flat. Constance married Bruce within three months. As for Mrs. Winstead, like the sensible and upright woman she was at bottom, she acknowledged her mistakes to Mr. Winstead, and on their return to America they had a honeymoon which lasted much longer than their absence in Europe. And, like a genuine American father, Mr. Winstead went back upon every word he had said to his daughters, and on their marriage presented them with very substantial sums of money.

DRAWN BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

Constance had found herself standing next the person whom Mrs. Winstead believed to be Lord Esdaile

Men & Women of the Hour

PHOTO BY WALKER, CHEYENNE, WYO.

MISS ESTELLE REEL

MRS. EMILY E. WOODLEY

PHOTO BY CHANDLER, PHILA.

"Al" Johnson's Thirty-in-Hand

The recent successes in England of "Al" Johnson, the brother of the famous Thomas L. Johnson, in tooling a four-in-hand, would not have surprised the English swells so much had they known of the training that perfected Mr. Johnson's skill as a driver. To him a four-in-hand was a mere bagatelle, for he has frequently driven as many as thirty-in-hand.

The two Johnson brothers are heavily interested in street railroads in various cities, and some ten years ago their chief field of operation was in Cleveland. It was just before the general introduction of electric motors, and after each heavy snow the car tracks had to be cleaned by enormous snow plows drawn by horses.

"Al," who had come to Ohio from Kentucky with the reputation, even then, of being an expert driver, saw his opportunity. He had a string of thirty horses selected—all white—and after each snowstorm these were hitched two by two in front of a giant sweeper.

Then "Al" would mount to his place. He would manipulate the lines with loving skill, and around corners and along straight stretches he would wonderfully drive those thirty horses. No one ever knew him to make a mistake, and no one else could attempt to drive the long string. If by some accident he was away it took several men to help out in taking his place.

But Mr. Johnson seldom missed a snowstorm drive if he was in the city. Dressed in a biscuit-colored Newmarket reaching to his heels, and with pearl buttons on it the size of a dollar—thus attired, he proudly drove. It is no wonder he afterward found that he could give the Englishmen pointers.

When he decided to go to England to test his skill with the English four-in-hand drivers, he put eight big horses and his fine road coach aboard an Atlantic liner. The horses were deathly sick on the voyage—so sick, indeed, that when the other side was reached Mr. Johnson saw that he must defer his exhibition of tooling. He gave the horses four weeks of rest, and then, at the points where the coaching English most do congregate, he appeared in all his glory—one day driving one four-in-hand set and the next day the other set.

Even the finest English drivers acknowledged that they could learn from Mr. Johnson.

Poor Lo's Champion School Teacher

Miss Estelle Reel, President McKinley's appointee as General Superintendent of Indian Schools, has had what may be termed a political-educational career.

Twice she was elected County Superintendent of Schools for Laramie County, Wyoming. For the position of State Superintendent of Public Instruction, in Wyoming, she ran against a popular educator, who then held the office, and defeated him by a large majority—the largest ever given any candidate for the position.

She was Secretary of the State Board of Charities and Reforms, and Register of the State Land Office Board, which has charge of the grants of land made by Congress. As Superintendent of Public Instruction she increased the revenues of the office from $100 to $1000 a week; and, altogether, made herself one of Wyoming's most popular officials.

Miss Reel was born in Illinois. She received her education in the schools of Chicago, St. Louis and Boston. But, although she drifted thus eastward, her natural instincts drew her back to the West.

She went to Wyoming on a visit, and expected to remain but a few weeks. To her keen realization of the political possibilities that lay open to women in that vigorous young State was due the fact that she decided to settle there.

She secured a position as school teacher, and while working faithfully at teaching little Wyomingites their A B C's, looked about for something more worthy of her powers.

Advancement and public appreciation came, as outlined in the above enumeration of some of the positions she has held. Then came the further honor of the President's appointment.

As General Superintendent of Indian Schools, Miss Reel takes a personal interest in the teaching of the young redskins. She tries to visit each school once a year. The magnitude of this undertaking can be appreciated when it is known that the schools are scattered throughout many States and Territories, and that many of them are at places far off the usual lines of travel.

Last year she traveled 23,738 miles—including 1384 miles by wagon—and some nights she was compelled to sleep on the ground without shelter. She is a staunch believer in industrial training for the Indian, and under her management the children are acquiring many useful vocations in which they can earn a livelihood when they enter the competition for existence.

Miss Reel is still a young woman, and the hard knocks of political campaigning have not blunted the finer womanly instincts. She has been not only a successful politician, but a true American woman. So charmed is she with the breezy West, where she has won her successes, that she declares she will make her permanent home in Wyoming whenever she is ready to retire to private life.

The Politest Moment of Her Life

Mademoiselle Cassini, niece of the Russian Ambassador to Washington, is a personality in diplomatic society in the United States.

She frankly adores America and things American, and because of this she has been helping the butler in his struggles with the English language. This butler is over six feet high and might have served as a bodyguard to Catherine the Great.

He firmly believes he is also a diplomat, in his way. He knows how to keep persons out of the house in six languages, including the patois of the muzhiks; but he cannot speak English, and this is his tragedy.

It never entered his head that he would be called upon to use the English. The tongue had not been needed in Europe and a diplomatic position in the new country had not been reckoned on when he began the acquisition of his accomplishments. In Washington, English, and not French, is the official language; and the giant flunky is humiliated in his own eyes.

Mademoiselle Cassini found out the reason and at once began his English lessons. He learned with the desperation of the exile. He has begun to put phrases together.

The other day a lady of the social set called. She rang the door-bell herself and asked if Mademoiselle Cassini had returned from a trip. She is very small and dainty and she had to tilt herself back to look up at the powdered giant. He spluttered, turned scarlet, went white, then roared out, "Mademoiselle will return yesterday."

For an instant the two looked at each other. "Then I will come yesterday to see her," the lady answered. She afterward said that it was the politest moment of her whole life.

Mrs. Cleveland and "Mammy Mary"

"Mammy Mary," who for three generations has been a nurse in the family of General John B. Gordon, of Georgia, and who is still with the family, had the distinction of once proving that the mountain would come to Mahomet.

In the course of her career she had met many distinguished people, but her own importance as nurse in a distinguished family prevented her from being overwhelmed by the honor.

When Mrs. Cleveland, during the second term of her husband's Presidency, visited the Gordons at the Governor's mansion in Atlanta, she expressed the desire to see a genuine old negro mammy. The carriage was hitched up and Mammy Mary was sent for at Sutherland, the Gordon country place, which she preferred to the noise and excitement of official life at Atlanta.

When the coachman drew up he found her smoking her evening pipe. Not a step would she budge. "She done say," said the unsuccessful envoy in solemn disgust, "dat she don't want to see no more Presidents; she done see 'nough Presidents." Mrs. Cleveland laughed heartily when she heard it. The next morning she drove out to see Mammy Mary herself.

"I am surprised, Mammy Mary," said Mrs. Gordon before introducing her distinguished visitor, "that you sent such a message. You have never been impolite before."

"An' dat niggah done tell what I say? Well, he nevah did have no sense, an' no mannahs! Co'se I 'spected he'd say I'se sorry I's indisposed!"

The Historic Shoes of Captain Sigsbee

When Captain Sigsbee, formerly of the Maine, was at Philadelphia recently, in command of his new ship, a party of Philadelphia ladies went one day to visit it. They were armed with personal introductions to the Captain but were warned not to speak of the Maine, as it was a subject on which the Captain would probably not like to talk. To their surprise, however, Captain Sigsbee himself referred to the Maine, and then with slight urging went on to tell the whole story of the disaster.

"When the explosion came and the lights went out," he said, "I first thought of a porthole, but almost instantly the thought came to me that the companion-way would be more dignified, and so I started in that direction. In the dark passageway I met a man and asked, 'Who's that?'

"'An orderly,' replied the man.

"It was Bill Antony; and he then went on and made the brief report which has been so often quoted regarding the blowing up of the ship."

An interesting sequel to the story was that, within a short time after the explosion, Captain Sigsbee received a letter from a large shoe concern in Boston. The letter begged him to send to the concern the shoes that he wore at the time of the explosion.

"I was offered a heavy sum of money for the shoes, for the sake of the advertisement, and was also promised a pair so good that I could lick the whole Spanish Navy with them," said the Captain.

A Monument to Army Nurses

A woman warrior whose head has been whitened by the years that have passed over it since she served with the nation's army is Mrs. Emily E. Woodley, of Philadelphia, a pioneer Civil War nurse, and organizer and ex-President of the National Association of Army Nurses.

Mrs. Woodley is believed to be, with one exception, the oldest survivor of the Civil War nurses. She served four years with the Army of the Potomac, winning laurels at Bull Run, Fredericksburg and Vicksburg, as well as earning an imposing array of glistening medals. A red velvet apron, presented for special service to the wounded, is one of her choicest treasures.

In latter days one great idea has filled Mrs. Woodley's mind, and that is the erection of a granite monument to the honor of the brave women who served as nurses during the Civil War. It seemed to her that the services of the nurses well deserved commemoration.

This monument will be the first granite tribute erected in this country to the heroism of nurses. Mrs. Woodley herself contributed the plot of ground on which the monument is to stand, and when the funds for the granite pedestal, which it is planned to place there, have been raised, the great ambition of her life will have been fulfilled, and she will then retire from active leadership in the organization of the Civil War nurses.

Col. McClure's Lonesome Five Minutes.

Colonel A. K. McClure has stood on many platforms, has addressed assemblies large and small, political, social and religious. He is noted for his self-command under any circumstances, but on one occasion he was distinctly embarrassed and ill at ease.

On this occasion Colonel McClure was the chief speaker at a large assembly—the audience being made up mainly of farmers, or other persons who had driven to the place of meeting. In the midst of an eloquent speech it began to rain. One after another of his hearers jumped up and hurried out, until the speaker was left with an array of empty benches before him.

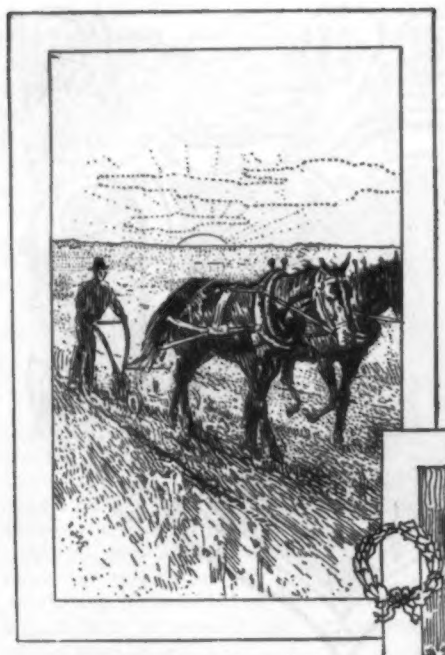
Colonel McClure's face flushed crimson. He had said not a word that could give offense, and he naturally failed to understand the sudden leave-taking; but his embarrassment was quickly changed to amusement when the chairman arose and said:

"It's all right, Colonel; they're only going out to look after the horses; they'll be back pretty soon."

The orator sat down until the farmers returned, and then resumed his speech.

XUM

The New Senator from Indiana



—and was at work in the fields by the time the sun rose

A PLOWBOY at twelve, a United States Senator at thirty-seven—between those extremes lies a story. Albert J. Beveridge began life without opportunities, but with unconquerable courage; without influence, but with indomitable will; without money, but with invincible industry. Foot by foot he fought his way from farm to college, from college to court-room, from court-room to Senate. By the power of a single purpose he made himself what he is.

The average self-made man bears upon him some brand of the stress and struggle—some taint of speech, some mark of manner, some line of face or figure, eloquent of those early days of rough work and coarse associations. But work and study—days under the bright sun and nights under the pale lamp—body in the fields and mind among the stars—leave a different stamp. They bring out the fine lines of muscle and character, knit a man close, physically and mentally. And this is one's first impression of Senator Beveridge—strength refined, physical and mental. It is in his step, firm and quick, the step of an alert mind; it is in his bearing, easy and confident, the bearing of a man at home in saddle or Senate; and it is in his face, pale and serious—the face of a man who has aimed high and fought hard.

A Boyhood of Hard Work

For, from the first, life was serious business to young Beveridge. He toiled as hard as Abraham Lincoln and knew poverty as grinding as that of Henry Clay. He was born after the Civil War began, October 6, 1862. At the outbreak of hostilities his father's place was the most important in the neighborhood. Mr. Beveridge, Sr., owned several farms and was considered well off; but hard times came and with them the loss of everything. The father was a man of stern integrity; he set out steadily and conscientiously to pay every cent that he owed, and thus the family was brought down to the verge of privation in order that his nice sense of honor might be preserved.

Old men of Sullivan, Illinois, say that Albert Beveridge has plowed every field around the town except the Fair Grounds and the Woodruff farms. In those days he got up at three o'clock in the morning and was at work in the fields by the time the sun rose. It was toil, toil, toil.

No wonder young Beveridge welcomed rainy days, for then he could stay indoors and lose all sense of time and space in reading the old Goodrich histories of Greece, Rome and the United States, and whatever else he could lay his hands on. While yet a boy he drew the constitutions of secret societies and literary associations, and always took a leading part in the debates in the High School. In those days, too, he was a great soldier. Born at the beginning of the war, in a centre of war sentiment, he inherited the military instinct strongly, and throughout his boyhood was at the head of military organizations.

In those days the Francis Murphy movement was spreading in the West. When it reached Sullivan the people crowded the court-house. The youthful Beveridge was the principal speaker. He had committed to memory most of his remarks, and his address of an hour and a half is still remembered in the town.

In all these years he was putting in most of the time at work and in getting an education. For two years he was in a log rollers' camp. In that region grew most of the walnut used by the country, and it was the getting out of those logs that formed the hard work of the lumbermen.

On one occasion the men began what promised to be a free fight, but the boy jumped in and remonstrated so eloquently that he temporarily stopped the row. Then, seeing his advantage, he seized a boom pole and threatened the whole crowd if they resumed the fracas. The fight was called off.

—his address of an hour and a half is still remembered in the town

A Plucky Fight for a College Education

After these experiences—he was then only fourteen—young Beveridge determined to carry out his determination to go to college. For a time he sold papers, and out of his profits bought a suit of clothes. He worked in the post-office, he drove a dray and hauled lumber, and, by working continuously, saved a little money. In the meanwhile things looked bright upon the farm; but the great drought of 1878-9 destroyed the crops, and the small sum that the boy had saved went to the support of his father and mother.

It was then that the promised education seemed absolutely hopeless, but it happened that there was a vacancy at West Point and the place was thrown open to competitive examination. Young Beveridge took the examination and did well in every study except one. While he was reading, a wag among the contestants made him laugh, and this incident lost him the scholarship by one-fifth of one per cent. The man who beat him was Lieutenant Brown, who has been stationed at Fort Sheridan.

DRAWINGS BY CARL KLEINSCHMIDT

—he seized a boom pole and threatened the whole crowd

When young Beveridge learned that he had lost he was wretchedly miserable. He was standing upon a corner, not knowing what to do or where to turn, when Edward Anderson, who now lives at Lamoure, North Dakota, came along.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"More than enough," was the reply. "I failed to get the West Point scholarship, and I don't see how I can ever get a college education."

"You go ahead and get ready," said Mr. Anderson. "I'll see you through."

The offer was accepted. He went ahead and got ready and gave Mr. Anderson his note for the fifty dollars which he loaned him. Mr. Anderson says that this was the best investment that he ever made.

Young Beveridge's struggle through college was one of pluck and hard work. He won a prize, and his father was able to send him a little money; and these combined to put him through the first term. During the summer vacation he cut more than 210 acres of wheat and drove the first self-binder ever seen in that region. With the money earned he was able to return to his studies.

Of him, while he was at Asbury University, now De Pauw, at Greencastle, his old roommate, Grahame Phillips, says: "Albert Beveridge was *the* man in college. We all recognized that. I was his roommate for a year and probably had better chances of knowing him than most men had. In the first place, his determination to succeed was inflexible. All his wonderful energies were bent to that end. When I say 'wonderful,' I mean it. I have known men to 'grind' for a short time, but Beveridge's 'grind' extended over the whole period of his college life and has lasted ever since. He divided the day into parts for the accomplishment of certain tasks. For instance, he arose at four in the morning, took a cold bath and went out, no matter what the weather might be. He walked over the country roads into the woods and exercised his muscles and his voice. Even then he had decided to enter public life and be an orator. He got back at six and read an hour before breakfast. Sometimes he read essays or orations, but often it was Shakespeare. I know very few more thorough Shakespearean scholars than Mr. Beveridge. I don't know what the Senator can do now, but there was a time when he could repeat whole scenes from the plays and carry parts through whole dramas without misquoting a word.

"Naturally he took the leading place in the Platonian Literary Society, and there won immediate success as a debater and organizer. He was also a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity and was the chief spirit in that organization. I do not think I ever saw Beveridge lose his temper. His command over himself was little less than marvelous. Again, there was nothing that he was afraid of. He didn't know what fear meant, either physically or mentally. He was one of the most muscular men I ever saw. He was not tall, but he was as strong as a giant. His work in the lumber camp did that.

"One summer vacation toward the end of his course he became a subscription book canvasser. He did so well that the publisher offered him the agency of the State of Iowa for the next summer. Beveridge began his work characteristically. Weeks before vacation he selected a corps of bright young college men who, like himself, needed money, and drilled them for this work. First, he went through the rôle of an agent—went through it with exhaustive detail. Then he made his pupils act the same part while he took the dual rôle of critic and possible book buyer. He drilled them in classes and privately. I used to think it was the funniest performance I ever saw. It was so serious, so deadly earnest. Those who couldn't learn were weeded out mercilessly, until, when commencement was over, he had a staff capable of doing wonders. The result of that two months' campaign led to a brilliant offer from the publisher. But Mr. Beveridge rejected it without a second thought, and when he was graduated he went to Indianapolis with only $300 in his pocket, and began to study law.

"Mr. Beveridge won the honors that came to him in college by sheer merit. There were some professors whose inclinations might have carried them to bestow favors in other directions, but they could not ignore Beveridge except by the grossest disregard of common justice. His was the most prominent head in the whole college and, of course, was the general target for all sorts of missiles, but he fought his way through with a courage, self-reliance and force that carried everything before them. He was the prize college orator. He won the first place in the State contest, and was the orator in the interstate contest at Columbus, Ohio. During all the years I knew him intimately he never deviated from his purpose a hair's breadth. As a freshman he planned his life. He decided on a public career, and to aim high.

"I don't see how I can ever get a college education"

—he became a subscription book canvasser. Two months' campaign led to a brilliant offer from the publisher

By Robert Shackleton

"'A man in public life must be independent,' he once said to me. 'One of the curses of our public life is that some men are not truly independent.'

"Mr. Beveridge could have acquired this independence through the book business, but he wanted to make it in his own way; and within a few years after he left college he was arguing for the State before the Supreme Court of the United States. A man who has secured such a position at the bar ought to be independent, if any man is."

While Mr. Beveridge was yet a boy his abilities were recognized and he became one of the party orators. In the Garfield campaign he spoke frequently. First in a barn, then in a stable, and afterward from the regular platforms. By this time his reputation had been well made and the State Committee added him to its list of regular speakers.

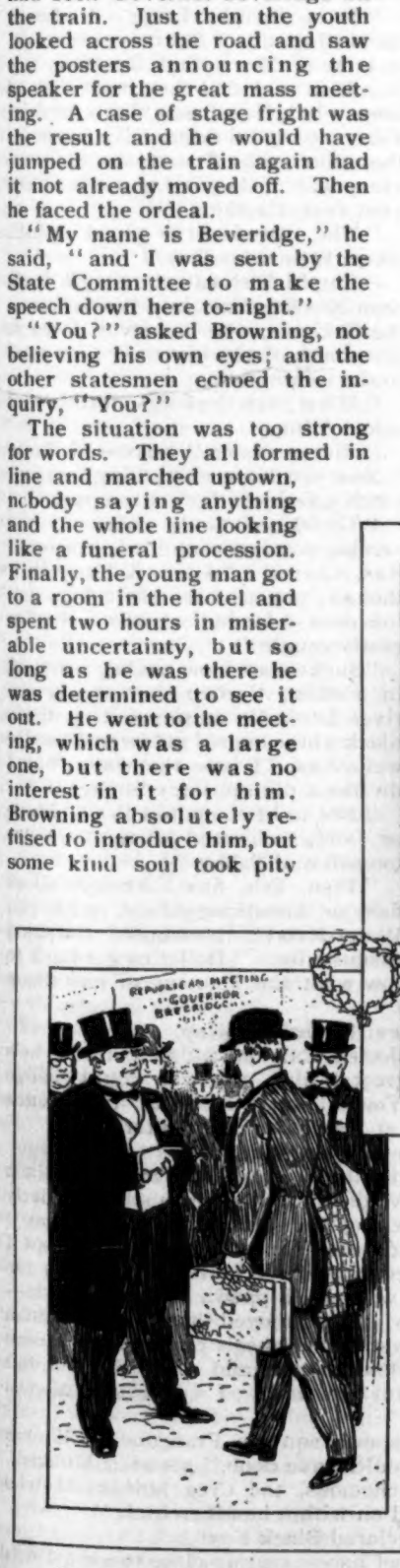
Uncle Billy Browning's Mistake

On one occasion, Bloomington was to have a meeting of the voters of three counties to close the campaign. It was to be one of the most important events of the contest. The committee sent young Beveridge. At that time the executive of Illinois was Governor Beveridge. The people of Bloomington thought it was he who was to address them, and they so advertised on sheets of circus size. The morning came. The committee, representing the greatness and dignity of the town and headed by "Uncle Billy" Browning, went proudly to the station. The train arrived and from it emerged a slender, white-faced youth. He carried a big valise. Not a soul spoke to him. He approached the first man, who happened to be Uncle Billy Browning, and asked for the best Republican hotel. Uncle Billy told him and inquired if he had seen Governor Beveridge on the train. Just then the youth looked across the road and saw the posters announcing the speaker for the great mass meeting. A case of stage fright was the result and he would have jumped on the train again had it not already moved off. Then he faced the ordeal.

"My name is Beveridge," he said, "and I was sent by the State Committee to make the speech down here to-night."

"You?" asked Browning, not believing his own eyes; and the other statesmen echoed the inquiry, "You?"

The situation was too strong for words. They all formed in line and marched uptown, nobody saying anything and the whole line looking like a funeral procession. Finally, the young man got to a room in the hotel and spent two hours in miserable uncertainty, but so long as he was there he was determined to see it out. He went to the meeting, which was a large one, but there was no interest in it for him. Browning absolutely refused to introduce him, but some kind soul took pity on the youthful stranger and got him before the crowd.



"You?" asked Uncle Billy Browning, not believing his own eyes; and the other statesmen echoed the inquiry, "You?"

Browning declares it was the greatest speech ever made, and since that day there has never been a Republican campaign in that city during which Mr. Beveridge has not been the chief orator.

DRAWINGS BY CARL KLEINSCHMIDT

"'Why, you are a mere beardless youth'"

Numerous stories are told in Indianapolis of Mr. Beveridge's struggles to become a lawyer. He tried very hard to get into the office of Benjamin Harrison, but did not succeed. Finally, he secured a foothold with another firm. Those first weeks were full of hardship. Literally he lived on one meal a day for more than a month, and it was not until the end of three months that he received any pay. Twenty dollars a month was his first salary.

During the campaign he gave his services to his party. The Legislature was to meet and there was a contest for the position of reading clerk. Young Beveridge was desperately in need of money to live on. A certain editor was to become chief clerk and he would have the appointing of this reading clerk. He did not like Beveridge and said that he would not appoint him if elected. Two others were after the position and each expected to get it. Nobody thought for a moment that Beveridge was in the race.

He drew up a paper and went personally to every member of the Legislature whom he had helped to elect, and secured the signatures of a majority. This paper was simply a notice to the prospective chief clerk that if he would not pledge himself to appoint Albert J. Beveridge reading clerk they would vote against his election. The consequence was that the editor quickly reconsidered his decision and young Beveridge was made reading clerk. And, to quote one who was in the Legislature at that time, "Beveridge read to beat the band all through the session."

Mr. and Mrs. Beveridge and Admiral Dewey at Manila

A member of that Legislature was Charles Major, the author of When Knighthood Was in Flower. Although a leading Democrat, while Beveridge was a Republican worker, they became very friendly.

Mr. Beveridge's Genius for Organization

With a natural aptitude for public life, it is not surprising that the young lawyer should have extended his power and ambition. Those who know Mr. Beveridge best say that though he is an able orator his real forte is organization. In one of the recent campaigns in Indiana he carried this to a point which has probably never before been reached in American politics. It was a kind of endless chain scheme for every county, by which the candidates were kept going over the ground, one after the other, until not a spot or a subject remained uncovered. It would take considerable space to explain the method fully, but it simply kept everybody working systematically for the party, and it not only reached every voter but it pounded Republican politics into him from morning until night. In this campaign, from September 16 till November 9, Beveridge averaged only three and a half hours in bed each night. He was able to show this remarkable endurance largely from the fact that he has made it a point to take two months' vacation, in which he does absolutely nothing, every year.

When the opportunity of reaching the United States Senate came the conditions were not altogether favorable. The other United States Senator, the United States District Attorney, the Attorney-General of the State, the Collector of Customs and the Minister to Austria all lived in the same city as Mr. Beveridge, and every precedent demanded that the Senator to be chosen should come from some other part of the State. But Mr. Beveridge's organization was perfect. The young men worked for it. Business leaders and workingmen gave up their duties and devoted their efforts to his candidacy. There was no accident whatever in his election. It was all arranged for and thought out from start to finish, and it ended in complete victory.

Riding to the front with Lawton in the Philippines

A walk under fire

A close friend of Mr. Beveridge is Mr. George W. Perkins, a prominent official of a great life insurance company. Like the Senator, he has won a high position early in life and from a low round of the ladder.

"I met Mr. Beveridge thirteen or fourteen years ago in Indianapolis," said Mr. Perkins. "I went down to that city from Chicago on business and accompanied a party of men under the direction of Volney T. Malott, on a trip on the Belt Line Railroad. Beveridge was on the train.

"'You two youngsters ought to know each other,' said Mr. Malott in introducing us, 'and you ought to get along together first rate.'

"And we have done so ever since. While I was in the West and since I have been in the East we have corresponded regularly and met frequently. I was in Chicago when the Senator was chosen by the separate branches of the Legislature and he wired me to come down and see him elected by the whole body the next day, and I did so. After he was elected the Senator made one of the nerviest speeches I ever heard a man make. It was thoroughly characteristic. He said to the legislators that he was not the Senator of Indiana, but that he was a 'Senator of the United States from Indiana'; that he would serve the *country* first and the State next. When he said this you could see shivers chase themselves up and down some legislators' backs. Then he went on to explain that one State depended on the others, and that he served his State best who best served the Union. This made everything all right and the function ended as it began, with an ovation.

"I was probably the first man to whom the Senator mentioned his plan of a trip to the Philippines. He had been staying over night at my house in New York and we were walking across Twenty-third Street on our way downtown.

The Reason for the Trip to the Philippines

"'I am going to the Philippines,' he said suddenly. 'I have thought it all over. Every Senator who can go ought to visit those islands. I know that very few of them can do so, but I can and I shall. I want to understand the situation when I take my seat in the Senate.

"Within a week he was on his way there. When he returned, he finished writing his now famous Philippine speech in my house. I had been downtown late and when I got home I was not surprised to see a light in his room.

"'Get out of here,' he shouted; 'come back in an hour.'

"I came back and he had finished writing the speech. In addition to his industry, which is appalling, he is a very serious man. I came to realize this in a rather amusing way. One night at a reception which the Senator and I attended soon after his election, the hostess said in mock surprise:

"'Are you Senator Beveridge—the Senator from Indiana?'

"The Senator bowed modestly.

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"'It hardly seems possible! Why, you are a mere beardless youth!'

"'Madam,' replied Mr. Beveridge without a smile, 'I shave.'

"There is an incident connected with the Senator's legal career that never has been written. The life insurance companies were fighting the Indiana tax law several years ago and had able lawyers looking after our interests. But it was an important matter and I asked Mr. Beveridge's opinion. One day I got a letter from Mr. Beveridge inclosing a brief. He said he was convinced that the course we were considering was not the easiest that could be devised. The brief hit me hard, but I was afraid to trust my own judgment, so I sent it down to an official in another company, saying that 'it seemed to me it was a strong brief, but I was too close a friend of the lawyer to give an impartial opinion.'

"Half an hour later I was called to the telephone. The insurance man was at the other end of the wire.

"'I don't care,' he said, 'whether that Indiana lawyer is a friend of yours or not. We've got to get him into the case as quick as we can do it.'

"We did, and he won it, too.

"Perhaps another little story, not known to half a dozen persons, will illustrate a different phase of Mr. Beveridge's character. I was present when the incident took place. It was after his fame as a constitutional lawyer had come East.

"Mr. Beveridge was in my office when one of the best-known lawyers in New York came in. He called to offer the Indiana man a partnership in his firm. The offer meant wealth within a few years."

"What did Mr. Beveridge do?

"He laughed at him. 'I don't want to be rich,' he said. 'I have other ambitions!'"

MOOSWA OF THE BOUNDARIES

Perils of the Forest

Copyright, 1900, by W. A. Fraser

By W. A. Fraser

"I cut him down and trampled him"

THE King had been chosen; the business of the meeting was concluded and the animals had become talkative. "Jack," said the King, "now tell us about the fur, and perhaps some others also have good tales to tell."

Whisky-Jack hopped down from his perch and strutted proudly about in the circle.

"Mink," he began, snapping his beak to clear his throat, "you can chase a silly, addle-headed fish into the mud and eat him, but you don't know the price of your own coat. Listen! The Black King's jacket is worth more than your coat and all the others put together. I heard the factor at Wapiscaw tell his clerk all about it last winter when I dined with him."

"You mean when you dined with the Train Dogs," sneered Pisew.

"You'll dine with them some day, and then their stomachs will be fuller than yours," retorted the bird. "Mink, your pelt is worth a dollar and a half—'three skins,' as the Company men say when they are trading with the Indians, for a skin means fifty cents. You didn't know that, I suppose."

"What do they sell my coat for?" queried Beaver.

"Six dollars—twelve skins, for a big, dark one. Kit-Beaver (that's one of your babies, old Trowel-Tail) sells for fifty cents—or is given away. You, Fisher, and you, Otter, are nip and tuck—eight or ten dollars, according to whether your fur is black or of a dirty coffee color. But there's Pisew; he's got a hide as big as a blanket, and it only sells for two dollars. Do you know what they do with your skin, Slink? They line long cloaks for the white wives with it; because it's soft and warm—also cheap and nasty. He, he! old Featherbed Fur. Now, Wapistan, the Marten, they call a little gentleman. It's wonderful how he has grown in their affections, though. Why, I remember five years ago the Company was paying only three skins for prime Marten, and what do you suppose your hide sells for now, wee brother?"

"Please don't," pleaded Marten; "it's a painful subject; I wish they couldn't sell it at all. I'm almost afraid to touch anything to eat—there's sure to be a trap underneath. The other day I saw a nice, fat Whitefish head, and thought Mink had left a bite for me; but when I reached for it, bang! went a pair of steel jaws, scraping my very nose. The jagged teeth looked cruel. If my leg had got in them I know what I should have had to do."

"So do I," asserted Jay.

"What would he have done, babbler—you who know all things?"

"Died," solemnly croaked Jay.

"I should have had to cut off my leg, as a cousin of mine did," declared Wapistan. "He's still alive, but we all help him get a living now. I wish my skin were as cheap as Muskrat's."

"Oh, bless us! he's worth only fifteen cents," remonstrated Jack. "His wool is but used for lining—put on the inside of Men's big coats where it won't show. But your fur, dear Pussy Marten, is worth eight dollars; think of that! Of course, that's for a prime pelt. That other brother of yours, sitting over there with the faded yellow coat, wouldn't fetch more than three or four at the outside, but I'll give you seven for your's now, and chance it; shouldn't wonder if you'd fetch twelve, for your coat is nice and black."

"I suppose there's no price on your hide," whined Lynx. "It's nice to be of no value in the world—isn't it?"

"There's always a price on brains, but that doesn't interest you, silly, does it? You're not in the market. Your understanding runs to a fine discrimination in perfumes—prominent odors like castoreum or dead fish. If you were a Man you'd surely be a hairdresser. Muskwa, your hide's a useful one; still, it doesn't sell for a very great figure. Last year at Wapiscaw I saw pictures on the Factor's walls of Men they call Soldiers, and they had the queerest, great, big head-covers, made from the skins of cousins of yours. And the Factor also had a Bear pelt on the floor, which he said was a good one, worth twenty dollars—that's your value dead; twenty dollars. Mooswa's shaggy shirt is good, but they scrape the hair off and make moccasins of the leather. Think of that, Weed-eater! Perhaps next year the Trappers will be walking around in your hide killing your brother, or your daddy, or some other big-nosed, spindle-legged member of your family. The homeliest man in the whole Chippewa tribe they have named 'The Moose,' and he's the ugliest creature I ever saw; you'd be ashamed of him—he's even ashamed of himself."

"What's the hide worth?" asked Carcajou.

"Seven dollars the Factor pays in trade, which is another name for robbery; but I think it's dear at that price, with no hair on, for it is tanned, of course—the squaws make the skin into leather. You wouldn't believe, though, that they'd ever be able to skin Bushy-Tail, would you?"

"Skunk?" cried Lynx. "Haven't the Men any noses?"

"Not like yours, Slink; but they take his pelt right enough; and the white stripes down his back that he's so proud of are dyed, and these Men, who are full of lies, sell it as some kind of Sable. And Marten, too, they sell him as Sable—Canadian Sable."

"I'm sure we are all enjoying this," suggested Black King sarcastically.

"Yes, brothers," assented Whisky-Jack, "Black Fox's silver hide is worth more than all the rest put together. Sometimes it fetches five hundred dollars!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Otter enviously; "is that true, Jack?"

"It is, Bandy-Legs—I always speak the truth. But it is only a fad. A tribe of Men called Russians buy it. It is said that they have a lot of money but, like Pisew, little brains. For my part, I'd rather have feathers; they don't rub off, and are nicer in every way. Do you know who likes your coat, Carcajou?"

"The Russians!" piped Mink, like a little schoolboy.

"Stupid Fish-eater! Bigger fools than the Russians buy Wolverine—the Eskimos, who live away down at the mouth of the big river that runs to the icebergs."

"What are icebergs, brother?" asked Mink.

"Pieces of ice," answered Jack. "Now you know everything; go and catch a Goldeye for your supper."

"Goldeye don't come up the creeks, you ignorant bird," retorted Sakwasew. "I wish they did, though; one can see their big, yellow eyes so far in the water—they're easily caught."

"Suckers are more useful," chimed in Fisher; "when they crowd the river banks in autumn eating those black water-bugs, I get fat and hardly wet a foot. I hate the water, but I do like a plump, juicy Sucker."

"Not to be compared to a Goldeye or Doré," objected Mink; "they're too soft and flabby."

"Fish, fish, fish! Always about fish, or something to eat, with you Water-Rats!" interrupted Carcajou disgustedly. "Do let us get back to the subject. Do you know what the Men say of our Black King, comrades?"

"They call him the Devil!" declared Jay.

"No they don't," objected Carcajou; "they think he's Wie-sah-ke-chack, the great Indian god, who could change himself into animals. You all know François, the French half-breed, who trapped at Hay River last winter?"

"He killed my cousin," sighed Marten.

"I lost a son through him—poisoned," moaned Black King's mother, the Red Widow, who had been sitting quietly during the meeting, watching with maternal pride her son.

"Yes, he tried to catch me," boasted Carcajou, "but I outwitted him, and threw a number four steel trap in the river. He had a fight with a Chippewa Indian over it—blamed him for the theft. Oh, I enjoyed that. I was hidden under a spruce log and watched François pummel the Indian until he ran away. I don't understand much French, but the Half-breed used awful language. I wish they'd always fight among themselves."

"Why didn't the Chippewa squeeze François till he was dead?—that's what I should have done," growled Muskwa. "Do you remember Nichemous, the Cree half-breed who always keeps his hat tied on with a handkerchief?"

"I saw him once," declared Black Fox.

"Well, he tried to shoot me—crept up close to a log I was lying behind and poked his iron stick over it, thinking I was asleep. That was in the winter—I think it was the second

of February; but do you know, sometimes I get my dates mixed. One year I forgot in my sleep and came out on the first to see what the weather was like. Ha, ha! fancy that; coming out on the first, and thought it was the second!"

"What has that got to do with Nichemous, old Garrulity?" squeaked Whisky-Jack.

Muskwa licked his gray nose apologetically for having wandered from the subject. "Well, as I have said, it was the second of February. I had been lying up all winter in a tremendously snug nest in a little coulee that runs off Pembina River. Hunger! but I was weak when I came out that day."

"I should think you would have been," sympathized the Bird mockingly.

"I had pains, too; the hard red-willow berries that I always eat before I lay up were gripping me horribly—they always do that—they're my medicine, you know."

"Muskwa is getting old," interrupted Jay. "He's garrulous—it's his pains and aches now."

Bear took no notice of the Bird. "I was tired and cross, the sun was nice and warm, and I lay down behind a log to rest a little. Suddenly there was a sound of the crisp hide of the snow cracking, and at first I thought it was something to eat coming—something for my hunger. I looked cautiously over the tree, and there was Nichemous trailing me; his snowshoe had cut through the crust. It was too late to run, for that iron stick of his would have reached, so I lay still, pretending to be asleep. Nichemous crept up, oh, so cunningly! He didn't want to wake poor old Muskwa, you see—not until he woke me with the bark of his iron stick. Talk about smells, Mister Lynx! Wiff! the breath of that when it coughs is worse than the smell of Coyote—it's fairly blue in the air, it's so bad."

"Where was Nichemous all this time?" cried Jack mockingly.

"Have patience, little shaganappi (cheap) Bird. Nichemous saw my trail leading up to the log, but could not see it going away on the other side. I had just one eye cocked up where I could watch his face. Wheeze! it was a study. He'd raise one foot, shove it forward gently, put that big gut-woven shoe down slowly on the snow, and carry his body forward; then the other foot the same way—so as not to disturb me—good, kind Nichemous! What a queer scent he gave. Have any of you ever stepped on hot coals?"

"I have!" cried Blue Wolf; "I had a fight with three Train Dogs once, at Wapiscaw, when their masters were asleep. It was all over a miserable, frozen Whitefish that even the Dogs wouldn't eat. They were husky fighters. Wur-r-r! We rolled over and over, and finally I fetched up in the camp-fire."

"Then you know what your paw smelled like when the coals scorched it, and that was just like the nasty scent that came down the air from Nichemous—like burnt skin. I could have nosed him a mile away had he been up-wind, but he wasn't, at first. When Nichemous got to the big log he reached his yellow face over, with the iron stick in line with his nose, and I saw murder in his eyes, so I just took one swipe at the top of his head with my right paw and scalped him clean. Whu-u-o-o-f-f! but he yelled. The iron stick barked as he went head first into the snow, and its hot breath scorched my arm, underneath, where there's little hair; but the round lead thing it spits out didn't touch me. I gave Nichemous a squeeze, threw him down, and went away. I was mad enough to have slain him, but I'm glad I didn't. It's not good to kill a Man. You see, I was cross," he added apologetically, "and my head ached from living in that stuffy hole all winter."

"Didn't it hurt your paw?" queried Jack. "I should have thought your fingers would have been tender from sucking them so much while you were sleeping in the nest."

"That's what saved Nichemous's life," answered Muskwa. "My fist was swollen up like a moss-bag, else the blow would have crushed his skull. But I knocked the fur all off the top; and his wife, who is a great medicine woman, couldn't make it grow again, though she patched the skin up some way or other. That is why you'll see Nichemous's hat tied on with a red handkerchief."

"I also know of this Man," wheezed Otter. "Nichemous stepped on my slide once, when he was poaching my preserve—I had it all nice and smooth and slippery, and the silly creature, without a claw to his foot, tried to walk on it."

"What happened, Long-Back?" asked Jack eagerly.

"Well, he went down the slide faster than ever I did, head first; but—would you believe it?—on his back!"

"Into the water?" queried Muskrat. "That wouldn't hurt him."

"He was nearly drowned," laughed Nekik. "The current carried him under some logs, but he got out, I'm sorry to say. That's the worst of it; we never manage to kill these Men."

"I killed one once," proclaimed Mooswa—"stamped him with my front feet, and his friends never found him; but I wouldn't do it again; the look in his eyes was awful."

"They'll kill you some day, Marrow-Bones," declared Jay blithely.

"That's what this Man tried to do."

"Tell us about it, comrade," cried Carcajou, "for I like to hear of the tables being turned once in a while. Why, Mistress Carcajou frightens the babies to sleep by telling them that François, or Nichemous, or some other Trapper, will catch them if they don't close their eyes and stop crying—it's just awful to live in continual dread of Man."

"He was an Igdian named Grasshead," went on Mooswa, lying down to tell the little tale comfortably. "I had just crossed the Athabasca on the ice; he'd been watching, no doubt, and as I went up the bank his fire stick coughed, and the ball struck me in the neck. Of course I cleared off into the woods at a great rate."

"Didn't stop to thank the Man, eh, old Pretty-Legs?" questioned Jack ironically.

"There was a treacherous crust on the snow; sometimes I would go through up to my chest, for it was deep. Grasshead wore those big shoes that Muskwa speaks of, and glided along the top, but my feet are small and hard, you know, and cut the crust."

"See!" piped Jay; "there's where pride comes in. All of you horned creatures are so proud of your little feet, and unless the ground is hard you soon get done up."

"Well," continued Mooswa, "sometimes I'd draw away many miles from the Indian. Once I circled wide, went back close to my trail, lay down in a thicket and watched for him. He passed quite close, trailing along easily on top of the snow, chewing a piece of dried moosemeat—think of that, brothers! Stuck in his loose shirt was dried meat cut from the bodies of some of my relatives; even the shirt itself was made from one of their hides! His little eyes were vicious and cruel; and several times I heard him give the call of our wives, which is, 'Wh-e-a-u-h-h!' That was that I might come back, thinking it was one of my tribe calling. All day he trailed me that way, and twice I rested as I speak of. Then Grasshead got cunning. He traveled wide of my trail, off to one side, meaning to come upon me lying down, or circling. The second day of his pursuit I was very tired and the Indian was always coming closer and closer.

"Getting desperate, I laid a trap for him. It was the fire stick I really feared, for without that he was no match for me. With our natural strength, he with his arms and teeth and I with my hoofs and horns, I could easily kill him. Why, once I slew three wolves nearly as large as Rof; they were murderous chaps who tackled me in the night. It wouldn't do to fight Grasshead where the crust was bad on the deep snow, so I made for a jack-pine bluff."

"I know," interrupted Black Fox, nodding his head; "nice open ground with no underbrush to bother—just the place for a rush when you've marked down your Bird. Many a Partridge I've pinned on one of those bluffs."

"Yes," went on Mooswa, "the pine-needles kill out everything but the silver-green moss. The snow wasn't very deep there; it was an ideal place for a charge—nothing to catch one's horns, or trip a fellow. As Grasshead came up he saw me leaning wearily against a pine, and thought I was ready to drop. I was tired, but not quite that badly used up. You all know, comrades, how careful an Indian is not to waste the breath of his iron stick. He will creep and creep and sneak just like——"

"Lynx," suggested Whisky-Jack.

"Well, Grasshead, seeing that I couldn't, as he thought, get away, came cautiously to within about five lengths, meaning to make sure of my death, you know, brothers, and just as he raised his iron stick I charged. He didn't expect that—it frightened him. The ball struck me in the shoulder and made me furious with rage. The Indian turned to run, but I cut him down and trampled him to death—I ground him into the frozen earth with my antlers. He gave the queer Man-cry that is of fear and pain—it's awful! I wish he hadn't followed me—I wish I hadn't killed him."

"You were justified, Mooswa," said Black King; "there is no blame—that is the Law of the Forest:

"First we run for our lives,
Then we fight for our lives:
And we turn at bay when the killer drives."

"Bravo!" applauded Whisky-Jack. "Don't fret, old Jelly-Nose. I'm glad you killed him. I've heard the White Trappers say that the only good Indians are dead ones."

"I also know Nichemous," broke in Umisk. "He cut a hole in the roof of my house one day, first blocking up the front door, thinking we were inside and meaning to catch us. He had his trouble for nothing, for I got the whole family out just in the nick of time; but I'd like to make him pay for repairs to the roof. I don't know any animal so bad as a Man, unless it's a Hermit Beaver."

"What's a Hermit Beaver, ye of the little forefeet?" asked Jay.

Umisk sighed wearily. "For a Bird that has traveled as much as you have, Jack, you are wondrously devoid of knowledge. Have you never seen Red Jack, the Hermit?"

"I have," declared Pisew; "he has a piece out of the side of his tail."

"Perhaps you have, perhaps you have, but all hermits are marked that way—that's the sign. You see, once in a while a Beaver is born lazy—won't work—will do nothing but steal other people's poplar and eat it. First we reason with him and try to encourage him to work; if that fails we bite a piece out of his tail as a brand and turn him out of the community. I marked Red Jack that way myself; I boarded him for a whole winter, though, first."

"Served him right," concurred Whisky-Jack.

"Yes, Nichemous is a bad lot," said Carcajou reflectively, "but he's no worse than François. He's tried so often to kill Black Fox that now he says the King is Wie-sah-ke-chack, the Devil. He's got a silver bullet for his fire stick, and thinks that will kill our leader, sure."

"That's Man's silly superstition," declared Whisky-Jack; "the King has always outwitted him, and will now."

Black Fox arose, stretched himself, yawned and said: "The meeting is over for to-day; three spaces of darkness from this we meet here again; there is some business of the Hunting Boundaries to do, and Wapoos has a complaint to make."

"I'm off," whistled Whisky-Jack. "Good-by, Your Majesty. You fellows have got to hunt your dinners—I'm going to dine with some Men—I like my food cooked."

Each of the Animals slipped away, leaving Black Fox and his mother, the Red Widow.

(The third of these stories will appear in next week's issue of The Saturday Evening Post.)

"It was too late to run . . . . so I lay still, pretending to be asleep"

XUM

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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The Threat of the Yellow People

ISOLATION or subjugation—these are the alternatives in China. Compromise would be the supreme folly of years of weakness in dealing with Pekin. Now that the first mission of the allied armies has been accomplished, when full reparation has been made to the countries concerned, China should be left to grovel in the slime of centuries before her monstrous gods; or the breach in the Great Wall should be widened with bayonets and the Law of Civilization crammed down the throats of the Chinese.

But to reëstablish the old order, to keep on taking gold for priceless blood, to return our Ministers under the cowardly fiction that they are representatives of subject powers, to send forth our citizens anew to massacre and outrage, would be intolerable and not to be borne. It would mean more profitable trade with China—in battleships, in ordnance, in firearms, in high explosives. It would mean new opportunities for White Men who put money before country to build forts, to establish manufactories of munitions of war for the Yellow People. It would mean a few years of doubtful profit and uneasy peace—then new risings, fresh atrocities and greater massacres. Each time the Chinese rose would find them better drilled, better equipped, more determined. Where we had only the raw ferocity of a rabble to fear, we should have to fight organized armies in whom the brutal barbarism of the centuries before Christ would be reënforced and made terribly potent for evil by the most devilish inventions of modern ingenuity. Each time we should avenge our citizens more dearly and buy back our Ministers at a greater price in blood.

We are at the parting of the ways. The easy and the obvious thing to do is to demand our dollars and then let China alone. Nor does this policy lack for advocates. There are people of the tenements who ask nothing of the authorities but to be left to live on in their disease-breeding dirt, and there are those who would not disturb them. China is a plague spot among the nations, a threat against their peace and prosperity. The indemnity for the past must be paid, and a guarantee for the future be given. And a guarantee cannot be had by leaving China to herself. Not partition, but a government of and by the Chinese, under the direct supervision of the Powers, is one plan proposed, and a good plan. So may the sting of the dragon be drawn.

The man who faces the present need not fear the future.

The Woes of the Wus

IF IT is not a pleasant thing to be a White Envoy in the land of the Yellow People when the Boxers are up, life during the past few weeks has not been altogether a round of pleasure for the Yellow Plenipotentiary in this land of yellow journals.

The Wus attracted rather more mawkish attention and were given a rather greater amount of space than John L. Sullivan, or Dreyfus, or Hobson in the heyday of their notoriety. A mob of correspondents, with a flanking force of snap-shot fiends, equally divided between Cape May and Washington, kept the public posted on what the Wus might, could, would or should have done. The facts of their past and the doings of their present were laid bare with all that deadly faithfulness to detail which space-writing begets. We learned that Mr. Wu does not look imposing in a rented bathing suit, and that he tucks his pigtail under his jersey when he takes his dip; that Madame Wu finds the sand rather hot for her little bare feet; and that Master Wu does not like reporters. If Mr. Wu crossed the street to the State Department it was good for a column of persistent rumors about something or other; when a little bilge water slopped out from between the planks of the catboat on which Mrs. Wu went crabbing, it combined instantly with the gray matter of an alert scribe, and made a dramatic two-column story of an escape from drowning; but close surveillance of Master Wu only developed that, when he played, he did not play at being Boxers.

Waiters questioned Mr. Wu on the situation in Pekin when they brought him his eggs; cabmen besought a little light on the situation while they took him to and from his hotel. The mawkish sentimentalists contributed to his punishment. Puffy old gentlemen rushed up to him on ferryboats to grasp the hand that had grasped the Empress Dowager's; elderly females sought to penetrate Madame Wu's privacy that they might offer her their sympathy and their tears; and those that were balked of seeing father or mother waylaid Master Wu and, gazing at him with moist eyes, murmured, "Poor boy! Poor boy! So young, and yet a Chinaman!"

Mr. Wu made no sign, nor did he ask the State Department for protection, bearing it all with that Oriental indifference to pain or ability to suffer in silence of which we have been hearing so much. But if it were possible to divert any of our sympathy from the Americans who were besieged in Pekin, it should go to the Chinese who have been interviewed in America.

A man's love is like his appetite—it must be fed.

The Orchestra—A National Lack

MUSIC has come to be a necessity of city life. Of all the alleviatives for wear and tear caused by the modern rush and jar, none is more effective. If it be said that our fathers got along comfortably with less of it, and of a simpler kind than we enjoy, did they not also have immunity from those afflictions that it is one of the missions of music to cure. They had no clamor of elevated trains, no roar of locomotives, no shrieking of steam whistles, no banging of gongs on trolley cars and ambulances, no thunder of fire engines, no clatter of trucks on cobble paving, no pounding of steel beams for new buildings, no hum and thrash of factories, no deafening eruptions in rolling mills and boiler shops, nor had they the continuity of even lesser noises, for their towns were small and they had no street cars, electric lights or other matters to encourage late hours. The adoption of music into the municipal economy of our cities has been so general and has obtained such wide consent that not only have we the opera and symphony concerts, not only are song, piano and violin recitals grown common, not only is singing taught in public schools, not only are oratorio and choral societies organized by half dozens, but the municipalities themselves provide band concerts in the parks, and at all the pleasure resorts music is as inevitable as dinner.

A comparison of such programs as are given to-day at public concerts with those of twenty-five or thirty years ago will show a decided advance in public taste, and in respect of virtuosity the gain has been no less real, but the wonder workers of the piano and violin of a former generation would hold places of the second rank to-day, and some would be glad to accept a position as kapellmeister of an orchestra. Music schools and teachers have multiplied, band playing has become an inevitable part of social, ceremonial and military functions.

In view of these facts the slowness with which the highest of all music, that of the orchestra, has progressed in America is to be regretted. It is only within half a dozen years that good concerts were to be heard in any American city except New York, Boston, Chicago and Cincinnati, except during the winter season. In Europe a permanent orchestra will often be found in a city of 25,000 to 50,000 people, and a pretty good orchestra, too. The expense of such a band, where the players are engaged by the season, is not heavy as compared with that of many other pleasure-giving and educating institutions, and is certainly cheaper than a theatre. Unlike the theatre, the recital hall is seldom demeaned by performances that are unworthy to be classed as art. There are no farce comedies, no problem plays in music. Frivolity, thinness, cheapness there may be, but never wickedness. It is impossible. The best of all music, the great symphonies and other concerted work, has been written for instruments, or instruments in combination with voices. The orchestra has a range, flexibility, variety and power that voices have not, and its precision of tone and *tempo* is not possible to the voice, especially to the chorus. Yet the highest in music is practically unknown in a majority of our cities, because they lack the agent for its interpretation. We have the best in all else—plays, books, pictures, professional service—and our aptitude in music and our need for it as a solace and a civilizer deserve more adequate recognition.

Now Hymen comes along to reap the autumn harvest of Cupid's summer sowing.

The Boss' Twenty-five Per Cent.

IN ALL the big things this country seems to lead, and probably the biggest of them is the cost of its cities. Municipal government, in spite of all the reform that we have had, is quite the most expensive thing that we possess in this land of the free and the home of the brave. New York, of course, being our largest city and the metropolis of the richest nation on earth, naturally feels the importance of leadership. Not content with spending almost a million dollars a week in salaries, she has just recently increased the salary budget to the extent of a thousand dollars a day, and this does not include the three million dollars which will be added to the annual cost of the public schools, an expense which has a larger usefulness than the support of politicians.

It costs over ninety million dollars a year to govern New York and more than half of it is paid out in salaries and wages. No other city in the world can equal this showing. In other American municipalities the expenditures are large and the returns are not commensurate with the outgo; but with the worst that the average American city can do it cannot begin to equal the pace set by New York.

It is not that New York spends so much more than the other cities that presents any excuse for the quality of other municipal government which we have in this country. Our disposition to elect to office men in whom we have scant confidence to run the city machinery is one of those things which convicts the average American city of negligence and folly. Sometimes we get tired of it and then come the reforms. Philadelphia is said to be the most American city, but its people always apologize for their local government, for the unhealthiness of the city water, and for about everything with which their municipal servants have connection. One of the oldest and most distinguished of Philadelphians was twitted upon this fact and he replied: "That is all very true, but I tell you when the people of this town make up their minds for reform there is no stopping them." And then he mentioned that there was a reform movement almost a generation ago, and he predicted that in the course of time there would be another one of the same kind. In being the most American of cities Philadelphia represents in a conservative way all the others.

In the meanwhile the average taxpayer would like to get the worth of his money. At present rates his return is not over seventy-five cents on the dollar. The other twenty-five cents represents all sorts of things, including the sudden accessions of local bosses to great wealth.

The political prophet is without honor save in his own estimation.

The Passing of the "Foreigners"

THE tendency toward a new use of an important word—a slight tendency as yet and apparently unconscious on the part of those who are newly employing it—has become apparent since the beginning of the troubles in China.

The word is "foreigner," and the new tendency is to use it as descriptive of those who are not citizens of countries of modern civilization.

Should there, after all, be a long and desperate war in which the United Powers shall stand against the semi-civilization of the East, there is no doubt that, by the end of the war, the word would be accepted in its new sense.

And all this would be but the natural evolution of its meaning. Long ago it did not designate merely the native or citizen of another country. A foreigner was, perhaps, only a native or citizen of an adjoining town.

Two hundred years ago a foreigner, to a schoolboy, was a lad who had received his education in a school of another parish. It was in 1660 that Harrow School began to receive such "foreigners" as pupils. "The touns, the countes, the foreyns, all aboute," an old chronicle reads, thus grouping together things that were not local.

The words native and foreigner are even yet used by some in an old-fashioned, narrow sense. "Are these native berries?" asked a would-be purchaser of a market woman in Duxbury the other day. "Lawsy, no!" said the dame, "them ben't native Duxbury; them be foreign! Them be from South Duxbury!"

The use of the word native and foreign gradually broadened. It was not so long ago that a war between England and Scotland was a "foreign" war. In our own country there have never been narrow lines, but it must not be forgotten that in "foreign" war we won California and that in defiance of "foreign" opposition our early statesmen were determined to open the Mississippi.

The narrow use of "foreigner" has long ceased, and broader usage has been steadily strengthening. For some time past, owing to the closer drawing together of England and the United States, a considerable number have unconsciously referred to the English as practically part of ourselves, and only to men of the rest of Europe and of the world when they employed the word "foreigners."

Foreigners have been driven farther and farther away, as national and friendly associations have advanced. And now may come the still broader change—a change that some time was certain to come in the evolution working out through the centuries. If all the nations of Europe stand side by side with America under such a stress as to weld close the ties of brotherly feeling, the word "foreigner" will no longer be used as it has been.

To the Chinese we are all classed together as foreigners. To the uncivilized, the civilized will be the only foreigners; to the civilized, the uncivilized will in time be the only foreigners.

And the evolution will continue. There must come a time when there will be no longer any but civilized peoples, and then there no longer will be any "foreigners."

Waiting for the office to seek the man is all very well, but he who stays out of politics never becomes President.

"Publick Occurrences"

PHOTO BY BACHRACH & BRO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

MR. PERRY S. HEATH

PHOTO BY D. P. THOMSON, KANSAS CITY

MR. WILLIS J. ABBOT

The Greatest Event in the World

Our war with Spain was naturally a leading happening in the occurrences of the times, and Great Britain's war with Africa has been larger and more important than any one at first imagined—except, possibly, President Kruger, who said that it would amount to a cost that would stagger humanity—and the troubles in China are making those international complications which may lead to a great world war.

If Albert Edward should become King of England, Great Britain would esteem it one of the great events of the century, just as Germany looked upon the accession of the present Emperor as a climax in national history.

But those things are matters of war and regulation. They do not belong to the choice or the decisions of the people. They happen and they come. As a matter of fact, the greatest event in the world is the election every four years of a President of the United States. We have grown accustomed to this through use and association, but the importance of it can never be dimmed by discussion or diminished by familiarity. There are other elections in the world and they naturally arouse wide and deep prejudices and excitements, but in the essence none of them for a moment compares with the quadrennial event in the United States.

In a Multitude of Books, One Lacking

From the printing presses and binderies of the world more than one hundred books are issued every day, and during the century the number has reached many hundreds of thousands. And yet, though they seem to cover every conceivable subject, and all the details of the problems of the time, and all the facts of history, there is not one volume that tells satisfactorily about elections—about the really greatest events of the world.

We may find on investigation how popular elections were held in ancient times both in Rome and in Greece, and it is a conspicuous fact that after the Roman Empire set up the greatest boss business of ancient times and abolished popular elections—which, of course, in their virgin perfection are destructive of bosses—the Christian church saved popular elections for the world. If we should trace history with care and zeal we should find that Christianity, in addition to the other blessings it has conferred on humanity, has done more to promote and to protect the suffrage than any other agency in the management and operation of the interests of civilization. Of course, we know that when churches go directly into politics there is always trouble, and active political Christianity is something which makes good men grieve and politicians shake; but these facts do not destroy the other fact that in its essence and development Christianity has done more to contribute to the world's freedom, which is largely expressed in the suffrage, than has anything else.

The Verdict of Fifteen Millions

The United States, which represents the best progress of all mankind, is especially happy in its leadership of liberty. A great deal is said about Great Britain having more government, but more freedom, than any other nation. In a sense this is true, for the Englishman is righteously zealous in demanding all his rights. There are fewer laws in Great Britain and a stricter enforcement of them. In this country we have probably more laws than all the rest of the world combined; in fact, every year there are more laws made than existed in the whole nation when John Marshall took up the various statutes and moulded them into shape nearly a century ago. At the same time, there is essentially more liberty, and the individual profits by it.

And in the course of events his greatest possession is the privilege of casting his vote, not only for the selection of his local rulers but for the executive who stands at the head of his nation—the greatest nation in all the world.

Naturally, in the exercise of this sovereignty he gets excited, and he is helped in this feeling by the newspapers and the managers that play upon his feelings and his passions; but though the average American can get as hot and as mad as any individual in the present condition of the world, his final judgment is apt to be in accordance with the best logic and conviction that he possesses. And so it happens that an election in the United States means in its results about the best possible verdict that could be on questions that concern the prosperity of the country and the larger welfare of the world.

We who believe in the jury system, in the righteousness of the convictions of twelve men, should never doubt the verdict of fifteen millions of ourselves.

The Cost of Elections in England and America

It is the fashion of some of our writers to draw comparisons between the elections of this country and the elections of Great Britain, to the disparagement of the United States. It is all very well to go upon generalities; Great Britain, for instance, has certain election laws which restrict the candidate and make him account for all his expenditures; these were made necessary by the frightful corruption into which the suffrage of England had descended, but if any one imagines that they have corrected all the evils he is very much mistaken.

The present writer was in England during the last general election in that country and he went into the local details of the election machinery. He found that in the small matters of politics, in the getting of votes through influence, money and other means, the English politician was several miles ahead of anything that we have in America. In fact, some of the candidates had been "nursing" their constituencies for all the seven years since the former general election in that country. There is no doubt that our politicians do bribe and buy, but they do it on the moment. They do not generally have to purchase years of servitude in order to get the suffrage of a day. In England the "nursing" system keeps the distribution of wealth in progress for years.

After seeing what they had done in the various parliamentary districts of England the writer put the following question to the editor of one of the leading newspapers of London:

"How much do you estimate this election will cost the candidates for Parliament?"

He made some calculations on a pad, and then replied:

"Curious, isn't it, that it had never struck me before? Why, I find a total here of two million pounds."

"Ten million dollars for less than four weeks' politics in an area that could be safely placed in one of our States makes an American feel rather small."

"Well, at any rate, we have better laws than you have, even if we do spend the money."

Of course, in this country we spend more than ten millions on a Presidential election. When we consider all the local expenses and all the running of campaigns and candidates the total must amount to several times ten millions, but we must remember that it spreads over the finest empire in the world and leads to the election of the greatest executive on earth.

A Clean Campaign this Year

In one respect our national politics are distinctly superior to those of any other nation. They are freer from personal abuse. This was not always the case, for in other years our elections ran the whole gamut of vituperation and scandal, but since the Cleveland-Blaine campaign, when the climax of intemperance in speech and accusation was reached, there has been a distinct and rapid improvement.

No reason exists this year why there should be the slightest mud-slinging. On all the tickets the candidates are men of conspicuous cleanliness in their personal and domestic lives, and the issues are sufficiently large to provide the campaign orators with material without obliging them to go into personal matters. Even in the minor affairs of their off-elections Englishmen have a way of working themselves up into temper and of calling bad names. It is a part of the political life of Great Britain for a candidate to become accustomed to interruption and abuse. Indeed, it goes so far that when one party holds a meeting it takes care to issue tickets so as to keep out the disturbers. In this country everything is free, and there is a courteous hearing—with very rare exceptions—for every public speaker.

Never in the country's history was speechmaking more general than it will be this autumn. The whole land will be stumped by orators. There will be speakers from wagons in the crowded sections of the cities, and already California has made the innovation of hiring a female humorist.

Formerly campaign speakers were not paid for their services, and they fared well if they got as much as traveling expenses. To-day the more prominent of them receive no remuneration, but hundreds of others are hired. To keep these speakers moving, and to satisfy all the cities and sections that want oratory, not only cost a big lot of money, but require expert knowledge in the making of itineraries. In fact, the campaign man has to know as much as a lecture agent or a theatrical manager as to the making of programs and the laying out of tours.

The Young Men Behind the Campaign Guns

In all elections the main interest of the public is naturally centred upon the candidates, just as it is upon the generals who lead the armies in war. But back of these are able and interesting men, keen of intellect, ceaseless in energy and level in judgment—men who shape the policies and direct the fight.

Major McKinley and Colonel Bryan—by the way, it is rather interesting that their military titles are not higher—and Governor Roosevelt and Mr. Stevenson need little aid in politics, for they all have the natural ability and the wide experience. The same may be said of the two chairmen, Senators Jones and Hanna. These are the stars in the political play for the next two months. The people know all about them, would recognize them if they should happen to meet them in a strange town, and they read their names every day in the newspapers. To all appearances they are the whole Presidential show.

But back of them are the others, the hard workers—the men who get up the plans and schemes, who suggest what the orator shall say and what he shall omit, who help the party newspapers in keeping in line with the party program, who attend to the multitudinous details of which the public knows nothing. For instance, each party has a campaign book of hundreds of pages, which represents an enormous amount of work in gathering and editing. Many columns of campaign material, all of which has to pass critical examination, are daily sent out.

Thus it happens that the young men who stand at the head of all this labor are in some respects the most powerful factors in every Presidential campaign. This year they are among the most experienced that have ever taken part in politics. Willis J. Abbot, who is at the head of the Democratic Campaign Bureau, was one of the most distinguished editors of a leading New York paper for several years; and Perry S. Heath, the manager of the Republican Press Committee, is one of the best-known Washington correspondents, and he resigned the First Assistant Postmaster-Generalship in order to take this position. These men do not appear prominently in the public management of the campaigns, but they have under their charge editorial equipments equal to that of a great daily newspaper or a magazine, and out of this department much of the brain work of the campaign proceeds.

How the Farmers Were Kept in Line

It is the duty of all the campaign managers to put as much life and interest into the campaign as they possibly can. Keeping people interested in the Presidential contest is sometimes as hard work as blowing the horn or beating the drum in order to attract the crowd into the tent of a passing show, but all that is a part of the business.

There are also many duties of diplomacy which must be performed. For instance, four years ago the head of one of the literary bureaus sent a confidential letter to all the party newspapers begging them to refrain from printing anything in ridicule of the farmers and from picturing them in cartoons in old clothes. The farmers were astonished to find themselves illustrated rather differently than formerly, and they will now know for the first time that it was due to the bright intellect of this brilliant manager that they were not portrayed in garments that were neither becoming nor fashionable. It illustrates the usefulness of good brains in politics. The farmer in America not only wears good clothes, but has the comforts of life. A curious illustration of modern conditions was given not long ago by a leading agricultural magazine of the country, which requested from writers stories for its pages, and expressly stated that it did not care for agricultural or hard-luck fiction. Taken on the average, the American farmer is one of the best-read and broadest-minded individuals of the age, and as there are several millions of him the campaign managers are right in catering not only to his support but to his proper pride and self-respect.

For the same reason the American workingman is getting better pictures in the paper. He no longer has patches on his trousers, but is shown in good clothing and with a corpulence that fits the increased wages and good times of the new prosperity.

XUM

The Eagle's Heart

By Hamlin Garland

AUTHOR OF MAIN-TRAVELED ROADS,
BOY LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE,
ROSE OF DUTCHER'S COOLLY, ETC.

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PART III

FOURTH

CHAPTER

—

THE

EAGLE

GUARDS

THE

SHEEP

"Time's up!" called Haney.
"Make it ten," said Mose,
whose blood was hot

MOSE did not enter upon his duties as guard with joy. It seemed like small business and not exactly creditable employment for a trailer and cowpuncher. It was in his judgment a foolish expenditure of money; but there was nothing better to do and he accepted it.

The papers made a great deal of it, complimenting the company upon its shrewdness, and freely predicting that no more hold-ups would take place along that route. Mose rode out of town on the seat with the driver, a Winchester across his knees and a belt of cartridges for both rifle and revolvers showing beneath his coat. He left the stable each morning at four A. M. and rode to the half-way house, where he slept over night, returning the following day. From the half-way house to the Springs there were settlers.

He was conscious of being an object of curious inquiry. Meeting stage-coaches was equivalent to being fired at by fifty pistols. Low words echoed from lip to lip: "Black Mose," "bad man," "graveyard of his own," "good fellow when sober." Sometimes, irritated and reckless, he lived up to his sinister reputation, and when some Eastern gentleman in brown corduroy timidly approached to say, "Fine weather," Mose turned upon him a baleful glare under which the questioner shriveled, to the delight of the driver, who vastly admired the new guard.

At times he was unnecessarily savage. Well-meaning men who knew nothing about him, except that he was a guard, were rebuffed in quite the same way. He was indeed becoming self-conscious as if on exhibition, somehow—and this feeling deepened as the days passed, for nothing happened. No lurking forms showed in the shadow of the pines. No voice called "Halt!" It became more and more like a stage play.

Editor's Note—The Eagle's Heart was begun in The Saturday Evening Post of June 16.

He was much disturbed by Jack's letter which was waiting for him one night when he returned to Wagon Wheel.

"*Dear Harry:* I went up to see Mary a few weeks ago and found she had gone to Chicago. Her father died over a year ago and she decided soon after to go to the city and go on with her music. She's in some conservatory there. I don't know which one. I tried hard to keep her on my own account, but she wouldn't listen to me. Well, yes, she listened, but she shook her head. She dropped King soon after your visit—whether you had anything to do with that or not I don't know—I think you did, but as you didn't write she gave you up as a bad job. She always used to talk of you and wonder where you were, and every time I called she used to sing, 'If I were a Voice.' She never *said* she was singing it for you, but there were tears in her eyes—and in mine too, old man. You oughtn't to be throwing yourself away in that wild, God-forsaken country. We discussed you most of the time. Once in a while she'd see a little note in the paper about you, and cut it out and send to me. I did the same. We heard of you at Flagstaff, Arizona. Then that row you had with the Mormons was the next we knew, but we couldn't write. She said it was pretty tough to hear of you only in some scrape, but I told her your side hadn't been heard from and that gave her a lot of comfort. The set-to you had about the Indians' right to hunt pleased us both. That was a straight case. She said it was like a knight of the olden time.

"She was uneasy about you, and once she said: 'I wish I could reach him. That rough life terrifies me. He's in constant danger.' I think she was afraid you'd take to drinking, and I own up, old man, that worries *me*. If you only had somebody to look after you—somebody to work for—like I have. I'm going to be married in September. You know her—only she was a little girl when you lived here. Her name is Lily Blanchard.

"I wish I could help you about Mary. I'm going to write to one or two parties who may know her address. If she's in Chicago you could visit her without any trouble. They wouldn't get on to you there at all. If you go, be sure and come this way. Your father went to Denver from here—have you heard from him?"

There was deep commotion in the trailer's brain that night. The hope he had was too sacredly sweet to put into words—the hope that she still thought of him and longed for him. If Jack were right, then she had waited and watched for him through all those years of wandering, while he, bitter and unrelenting, and believing that she was King's wife, had refused to listen for her voice on Sunday evenings. If she had kept her promise, then on the trail, in cañons dark and deathly still, on the moonlit sand of the Painted Desert, on the high divides of the Needle Range, her thought had been winged toward him in song—and he had not listened.

His thought turned now, for the first time, toward the great city, which was to him a savage jungle of unknown things, a web of wire, a maze of streets, a swirling flood of human beings, of interest now merely and solely because Mary had gone to live therein. "I'm due to make another trip East," he said to himself with a grim straightening of the lips.

It was mighty serious business. To take Kintuck and hit the trail for the Kalispels over a thousand miles of mountain and plain, was simple, but to thrust himself amid the mad rush of a great city made his bold heart quail. Money was a minor consideration in the hills, but in the city it was a matter of life and death. Money he must now have, and as he could not borrow it, it must be earned. In a month his wages would amount to one hundred dollars, but that was too slow. He saw no other way, however, so set his teeth and prepared to go on with the "fool business" of guarding the treasure-wagon of the Express Company.

His mind reverted often to the cowboy tournament which was about to come off, after hanging fire for a month, during which Grassi wrestled with the problem of how to hold a bull-fight in opposition to the laws of the State. "If I could whirl in and catch one of those purses," thought Mose, "I could leave at the end of August. If I don't I must hang on till the first of October."

He determined to enter for the roping contest and for the cowboy race and the revolver practice. Marshal Haney was delighted. "I'll attend to the business, but the entrance fees will be about twenty dollars."

This staggered Mose. It meant an expenditure of nearly one-fourth his month's pay in entrance fees, not to speak of the expense of keeping Kintuck, for the old horse had to go into training and be grain-fed as well. However, he was too confident of winning to hesitate. He drew on his wages, and took a day off to fetch Kintuck, whom he found fat and hearty and very dirty.

The boys at the Reynolds ranch were willing to bet on Mose, and every soul determined to be there. Cora said quietly, "I know you'll win."

"Well, I don't expect to sweep the board, but I'll get a lunch while the rest are getting a full meal," he replied, and returned to his duties.

The weather did not change for the tournament. Each morning the sun arose flashing with white, undimmed fire. At ten o'clock great dazzling white clouds developed from hidden places behind huge peaks, and, as they expanded, each let fall a veil of shimmering white storms, that were hail on the heights and sleet on the paths in the valleys. These clouds passed swiftly, the sun came out, the dandelions shone vividly through their coverlet of snow, the eaves dripped, the air was like March and the sunsets like November.

Naturally, Sunday was the day fixed upon for the tournament, and early on that day miners in clean check shirts and bright new blue overalls began to stream away up the road which led to the race track, some two miles away, on the only level ground for a hundred miles. Swift horses hitched to light open buggies whirled along, loaded down with men. Horsemen galloped down the slopes in squadrons—and such horsemen!—cowboys from "Lost Park" and "the Animas." Prospectors like Casey and Kelly, who were quite as much at home on a horse as with a pick in a ditch, and men like Marshal Haney and Grassi, who were all-round plainsmen, and by that same token born horsemen. Haney and Kelly rode with Reynolds and Mose, while Cora and Mrs. Reynolds followed in a rusty buggy drawn by a flea-bitten gray cow-pony, sedate with age.

Kintuck was as alert as a four-year-old. His rest had filled him to bursting with ambition to do and to serve. His muscles played

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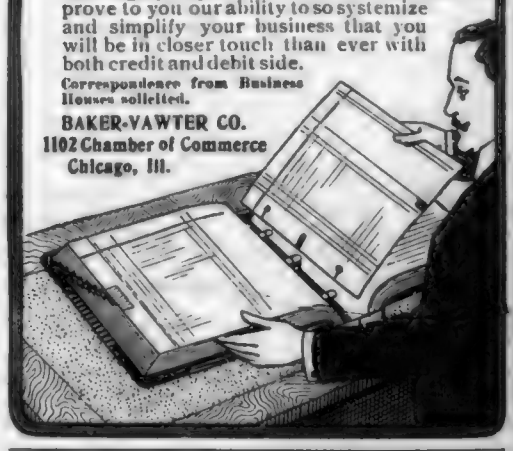

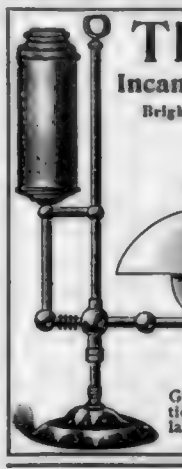

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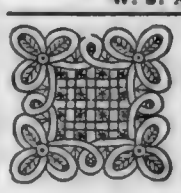

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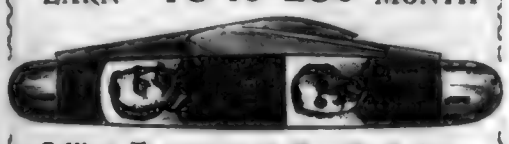

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"Wouldn't know that horse was twelve years old, would you, gentlemen?" said Reynolds. "Well, so he is, and he has covered fifteen thousand miles o' trail."

Mose was at his best. With vivid tie flowing from the collar of his blue shirt, with a new hat properly crushed in on the crown in four places, with shining revolver at his hip and his rope coiled at his right knee, he sat his splendid horse, haughty and impassive of countenance, responding to the greetings of the crowd only with a slight nod or a wave of the hand.

It seemed to him that the population of the whole State—at least its men—was assembled within the big stockade. There were a few women; just enough to add decorum to the crowd. They were for the most part the wives or sisters or sweethearts of those who were to contest for prizes, but as Mose rode around the course he passed "the Princess" sitting in her shining barouche and waving a handkerchief. He pretended not to see her, though it gave him pleasure to think that the most brilliantly dressed woman on the grounds took such interest in him. Another man would have ridden up to her carriage, but Mose kept on steadily to the judge's stand.

Mose already knew his dangerous rival—a powerful and handsome fellow called Denver Dan, whose face was not unlike his own. His nose was straight and strong, his chin finely modeled and his head graceful; but he was heavier, and a persistent flush on his nose and in his eyelids betrayed the effects of liquor. His hands were small and graceful, and he wore his hat with a certain attractive insolence; but his mouth was cruel and his eyes menacing. When in liquor he was known to be ferocious. He was mounted on a superbly pointed grade bronco, and all his hangings were of costly Mexican workmanship and betrayed use.

"The first thing is a 'packing contest,'" read Hanev.

"Oh, I pass that! I'm no packer," growled Dan.

"I try that," said Mose; "I let nothing get away to-day."

"Entrance fee, one dollar."

"Here you are." Mose tossed a dollar.

"Then, 'roping and holding contest.'"

"Now you're talking my business," exclaimed Dan.

"There are others," said Mose.

Dan turned a contemptuous look on the speaker—but changed his expression as he met Mose's eyes.

"Howdy, Mose."

"So's to sit a horse," Mose replied, in a tone which cut. He was not used to being patronized by men of Dan's set.

The crowd perceived the growing rivalry between the two men and winked joyously at one another.

At last all was arranged. The spectators were assembled on the rude seats. The wind, sweet, clear and cool, came over the smooth, grassy slopes to the west, while to the east, gorgeous as sunlit marble, rose the great snowy peaks, with huge cumulus clouds—apparently standing on edge—peeping over their shoulders from behind. Mose observed them and mentally calculated that it would not shower till three in the afternoon.

In the track before the judge's stand six piles of "truck," each pile precisely like the others, lay in a row. Each consisted of a sack of flour, a bundle of bacon, a bag of beans, a box, a camp stove, a pick, a shovel and a tent. These were to be packed, covered with a mantle, and caught by "the diamond hitch."

Mose laid aside hat and coat, and as the six pack horses approached, seized the one intended for him. Catching the saddle blanket up by the corners, he shook it straight, folded it once, twice—and threw it to the horse. The saw-buck followed it, the cinch flying high so that it should go clear. A tug, a grunt from the horse, and the saddle was on. Unwinding the sling-ropes, he made his loops, and end-packed the box. Against it he put both flour and beans. Folding the tent square he laid it between. On this he set the stove, and packing the smaller bags around it, threw on the mantle. As he laid the hitch and began to go around the pack, the crowd began to cheer:

"Go it, Mose!"

"He's been there before."

"Well, I guess," said another.

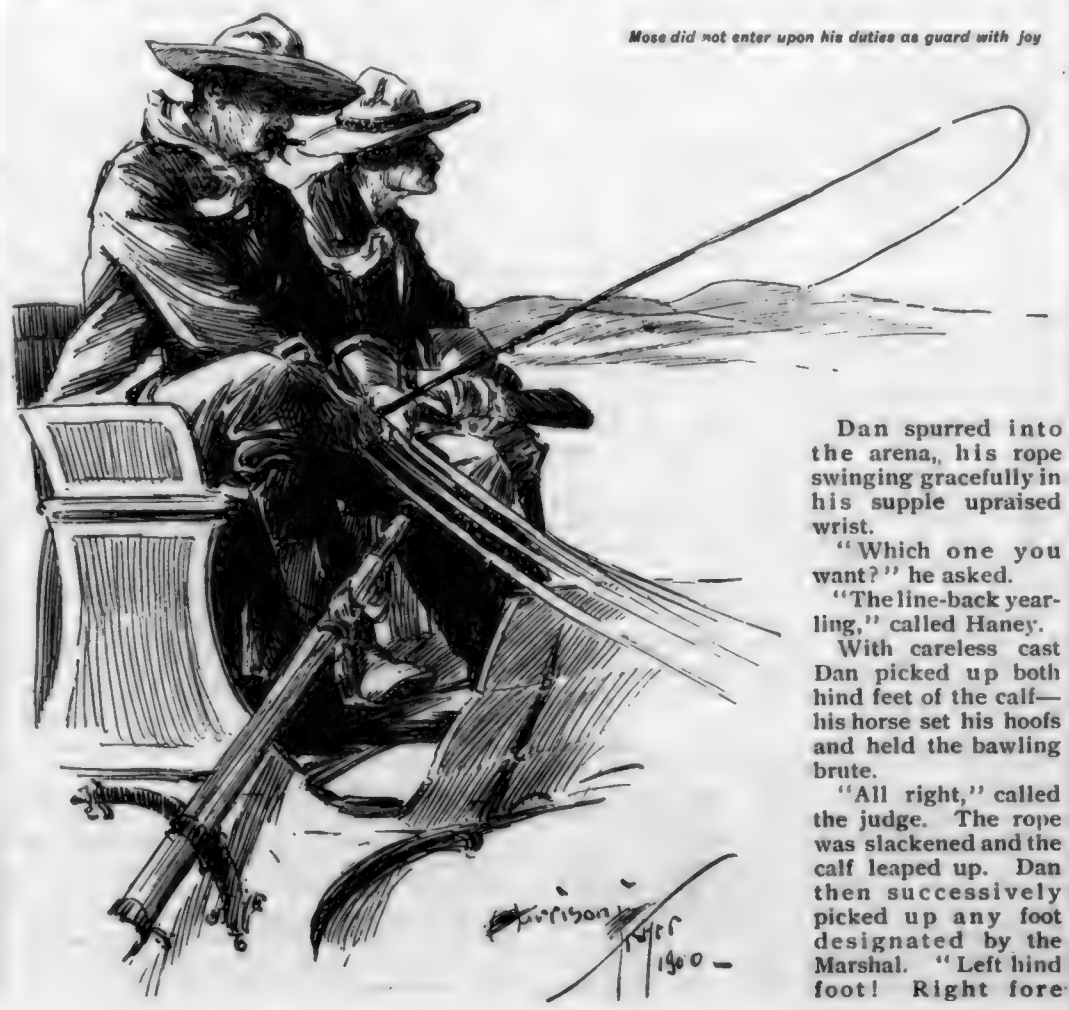
Mose set his foot to the pack and "pinched" the hitch in front. Nothing remained now but the pick, shovel and coffee can. The tools he crowded under the ropes on either side, tied the cans under the pack at the back and called Kintuck, "Come on, boy." The old horse with shining eyes drew near. Catching his mane, Mose swung to the saddle, Kintuck nipped the laden cayuse, and they were off while the next best man was still worrying over the hitch.

"Nine dollars to the good on that transaction," muttered Mose, as the Marshal handed him a ten-dollar gold piece.

"The next exercise on the program," announced Haney, "will be the roping contest. The crowd will please be as quiet as possible while this is going on. Bring on your cows."

Down the track in a cloud of dust came a bunch of cattle of all shapes and sizes. They came snuffing and bawling, urged on by a band of cowboys, while a cordon of older men down the track stopped and held them before the judge's stand.

"First exercise—'rope and hold,'" called the Marshal. "Denver Dan comes first."



Mose did not enter upon his duties as guard with joy

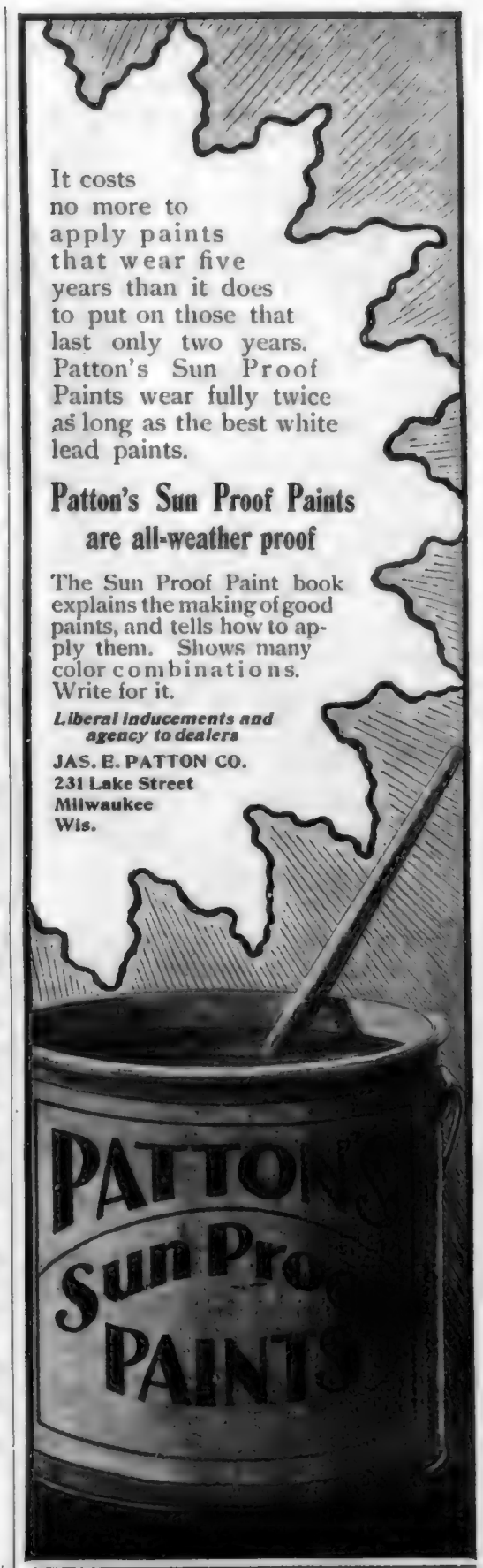
Dan spurred into the arena, his rope swinging gracefully in his supple upraised wrist.

"Which one you want?" he asked.

"The line-back yearling," called Haney.

With careless cast Dan picked up both hind feet of the calf—his horse set his hoofs and held the bawling brute.

"All right," called the judge. The rope was slackened and the calf leaped up. Dan then successively picked up any foot designated by the Marshal. "Left hind foot! Right fore



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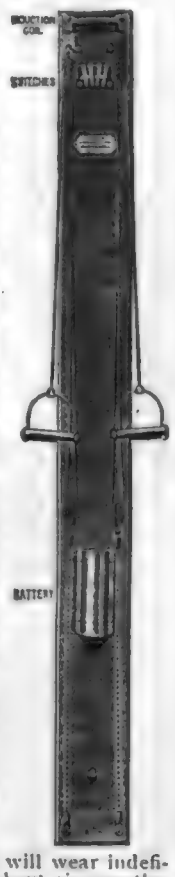

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foot!" And so on with almost unerring accuracy. His horse, calm and swift, obeyed every word and every shift of his rider's body. The crowd cheered, and those who came after added nothing to the contest.

Mose rode into the inclosure with impassive face. He could only duplicate the deeds of those who had gone before so long as his work was governed by the Marshal, but when, as in the case of others, he was free to 'put on frills,' he did so. Tackling the heaviest and wildest steer, he dropped his rope over one horn and caught up one foot, then taking a loose turn about his pommel he spoke to Kintuck. The steer reached the end of the rope with terrible force. It seemed as if the saddle must give way—but the strain was cunningly met, and the brute tumbled and laid flat with a wild bawl. While Kintuck held him Mose took a cigar from his pocket, bit the end off, struck a match and puffed carelessly and lazily. It was an old trick, but well done, and the spectators cheered heartily.

After a few casts of almost equal brilliancy, Mose leaped to the ground with the rope in his hand, and while Kintuck looked on curiously, he began a series of movements which one of Delmar's Mexicans had taught him. With the noose spread wide he kept it whirling in the air as if it were a hoop. He threw it into the air and sprang through it, he lowered it to the ground, and, leaping into it, flung it far above his head. In his hand this inert thing developed snakelike action. It took on loops and scallops and retained them, apparently in defiance of all known laws of physics—controlled and governed by the easy, almost imperceptible motions of his steel-like wrist.

"Forty-five dollars more to the good," said Mose grimly as the decision came in his favor.

"See here—going to take all the prizes?" asked one of the judges.

"So long as you keep to my line of business," replied he.

The races came next. Kintuck took first money on the straightaway dash, but lost on the long race around the pole. It nearly broke his heart, but he came in second to Denver Dan's sorrel twice in succession.

Mose patted the old horse and said: "Never mind, old boy, you pulled in forty dollars more for me."

Reynolds had tears in his eyes as he came up.

"The old hoss cain't compete on the long stretches. He's like a middle-aged man—all right for a short dash; but the youngsters have the best wind—they get him on the mile course."

In the trained pony contest the old horse redeemed himself. He knelt at command, laid out flat while Mose crouched behind, and at the word "Up!" sprang to his feet and waited; then with his master clinging to his mane he ran in a circle or turned to right or left at signal. All the tricks which the cavalry had taught their horses, Mose, in years on the trail, had taught Kintuck. He galloped on three legs and waltzed like a circus horse. He seemed to know exactly what his master said to him.

A man with a big red beard came up to Mose as he rode off the track and said:

"What'll you take for that horse?"

Mose gave him a savage glance. "He ain't for sale."

The bronco-busting contest Mose declined.

"How's that?" inquired Haney, who hated to see his favorite "gig back" at a point where his courage could be tested.

"I've busted all the broncos for fun I'm going to," Mose replied.

Dan called in a sneering tone: "Bring on your varmints. I'm not dodgin' mean cayuses to-day."

Mose could not explain that for Mary's sake he was avoiding all danger. There was risk in the contest and he knew it, and he couldn't afford to take it.

"That's all right!" he sullenly replied; "I'll be with you later in the game."

A wall-eyed roan pony, looking dull and stupid, was led before the stand. Saddled and bridled he stood dozing while the crowd hooted with derision.

"Don't make no mistake!" shouted Haney; "he s the meanest critter on the upper fork."

A young lad named Jimmy Kincaid first tackled the job, and as he ran alongside and tried the cinch, the roan dropped an ear back—the ear toward Jimmy—and the knowing ones giggled with glee. "He's wakin' up! Look out, Jim!"

The lad gathered the reins in his left hand, seized the pommel with his right, and then the roan disclosed his true nature. He was an old rebel. He did not waste his energies on common means. He plunged at once into the most complicated, furious and effective bucking he could devise, almost without moving out of his tracks—and when the boy, stunned and bleeding at the nose, sprawled in the dust, the roan moved away a few steps and dozed, panting and tense, apparently neither angry nor frightened.

One of the Reynolds gang tried him next and "stayed with him" till he threw himself. When he arose the rider failed to secure his stirrups and was thrown after having sat the beast superbly. The miners were warming to the old roan. Many of them had never seen a pitching bronco before, and their delight led to loud whoops and jovial outcries.

"Bully boy, roan! Shake 'em off!"

Denver Dan tried him next and sat him, haughtily, contemptuous, till he stopped, quivering with fatigue and reeking with sweat.

"Oh, well!" yelled a big miner, "that ain't a fair shake for the pony; you should have took him when he was fresh." And the crowd sustained him in it.

"Here comes one that is fresh," called the Marshal, and into the arena came a wicked-eyed, superbly fashioned black roan horse, plainly wild and unbroken, led by two cowboys, one on either side.

Joe Grassi shook a handful of bills down at the crowd. "Here's a hundred dollars to the man who'll set that pony three minutes by the watch."

"This is no place to tackle such a brute as that," said Reynolds.

Mose was looking straight ahead.

Denver Dan walked out. "I need that hundred dollars; nail it to a post for a few minutes, will ye?"

This was no tricky old cow-pony, but a natively vicious, powerful and cunning young horse. While the cowboys held him Dan threw off his coat and hat and bound a bandanna over the bronco's head and pulled it down over his eyes. Laying the saddle on swiftly, but gently, he cinched it strongly. With determined and vigorous movement, he thrust the bit into his mouth.

"Slack away!" he called to the ropers. The horse, nearly dead for lack of breath, drew a deep sigh.

Haney called out: "Stand clear, everybody; clear the road!"

And casting one rope to the ground Dan swung into the saddle.

For just an instant the horse crouched low and waited—then shot into the air with a tigerish bound and fell stiff-legged. Again and again he flung his head down, humped his back and sprang into the air grunting and squealing with rage and fear. Dan sat him, but the punishment made him swear. Suddenly the horse dropped and rolled, hoping to catch his rider unawares. Dan escaped by stepping to the ground, but he was white, and the blood was oozing slowly from his nose. As the brute arose, Dan was in the saddle. With two or three tremendous bounds, the horse flung himself into the air like a high-vaulting acrobat, landing so near the fence that Dan, swerving far to the left, was unseated, and sprawled low in the dust, while the squealing bronco went down the track bucking and lashing out with undiminished vigor.

Dan staggered to his feet, stunned and bleeding. He swore most terrible oaths that he would ride that wall-eyed brute if it took a year.

"You've had your turn. It was a fair fight," called Kelly.

"Who's the next ambitious man?" shouted Haney.

"I don't want no truck with that," said the cowboys among themselves.

Mose stood with hands gripping a post, his eyes thoughtful. Suddenly he threw off his coat.

"I'll try him," he said.

"Oh, I don't think you'd better; it'll bung you all up," cautioned Reynolds.

Mose said in a low voice: "I'm good for him, and I need that money."

"Let him breathe a while," called the crowd as the bronco was brought back, lariated as before. "Give him a show for his life."

Mose muttered to Reynolds: "He's due to bolt, and I'm going to quirt him a-plenty."

The spectators, tense with joy, filled the air with advice. "Don't let him get started. Keep him away from the fence."

Mose wore a set and serious look as he approached the frenzied beast. There was danger in this trick—a broken leg or collarbone might make his foolhardiness costly.

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Standing beside the animal's shoulder he slipped off the ropes and swung to the saddle. The beast went off as before, with three or four terrible buck-jumps, but Mose plied the quirt with wild shouting, and suddenly, abandoning his pitching, the horse set off at a tearing pace around the track. For nearly half-way he ran steadily—then began once more to hump his back and leap into the air.

"He's down!" yelled some one.

"No, he's up again—and Mose is there," said Haney.

The crowd, not to be cheated of their fun, raced across the oval where the battle was still going on.

The Princess, white with anxiety, ordered her coachman to "Get there quick." When she came in sight the horse was tearing at Mose's foot with his teeth.

"Time's up!" called Haney.

"Make it ten," said Mose, whose blood was hot.

The beast dropped and rolled, but arose again under the sting of the quirt and renewed his frenzied attack. As Mose roweled him he kicked with both hind feet as if to tear the cinch from his belly. He reared on his toes and fell backward. He rushed with ferocious cunning against the corral, forcing his rider to stand in the opposite stirrup, then bucked, keeping so close to the fence that Mose was forced to hang to his mane and fight him from tearing his flesh with his savage teeth. Twice he went down and rolled over, but when he arose Mose was on his back. Twice he flung himself to the earth, and the second time he broke the bridle rein, but Mose, catching one piece, kept his head up while he roweled him.

At last, after fifteen minutes of struggle, the bronco again made off around the track at a rapid run. As he came opposite the judge's stand Mose swung him around in a circle and leaped to the ground, leaving the horse to gallop down the track. Dusty, and quivering with fatigue, Mose walked across the track and took up his coat.

"You earned your money, Mose," said Grassi, as he handed out the roll of bills.

"I'll think so to-morrow morning, I reckon," replied Mose, and his walk showed dizziness and weakness.

"You've had the easy end of it," said Dan. "You should have took him when I did, when he was fresh."

"You didn't stay on him long enough to weaken him any," said Mose in offensive reply, and Dan did not care to push the controversy any further.

"That spoils my shooting now," Mose said to Haney. "I couldn't hit the side of a mule."

"Oh, you'll stiddy up after dinner."

"Good boy!" called the crisp voice of Mrs. Raimon. "Come here; I want to talk with you."

He could not decently refuse to go to the side of her carriage.

Leaning over she spoke with sudden intensity. "My boy, you mustn't take such risks—I'm all of a quiver. You're too good a man to be killed by a miserable bucking bronco. Don't do it again, for my sake—if that don't count, for *her* sake."

And he in sudden joy and confidence replied: "That's just why I did it; for her sake."

Her eyes set in sudden alarm. "What do you mean?"

"You'll know in a day or two. I'm going to quit my job."

"I know," she said with a quick indrawn breath, "you're going away. Who's that girl I saw you talking with to-day? Is that the one?"

He laughed at her for the first time. "Not by a thousand miles."

"What do you mean by that? Does she live in Chicago?"

He ceased to laugh and grew a little darker of brow, and she quietly added: "That's none o' my business, you'd like to say. All right—say it isn't. But won't you get in and go down to dinner with me? I want to honor the champion—the Ivanhoe of the tournament."

He shook his head. "No; I've promised to picnic with some old friends of mine."

"That girl over there?"

"Yes."

"Well, just as you say, but you must dine with me to-night, will you? Come now, what do you say?"

With a half-promise Mose walked away toward the Reynolds' carriage—not without regret, for there was charm in the Princess. She allured and repelled at the same time.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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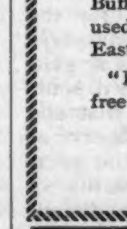

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Literary Folk—Their Ways *and* Their Work

IN THE previous works of Mr. Robert Grant, penetrating and clever as they are, there is nothing to prepare one for such an achievement as this novel, which he has so subtly fitted with the title of Unleavened Bread. The talent herein displayed has a solidity, inclusiveness and direct strength which almost compel the critic to call it genius—naturally the last thing the critic desires to do when writing of a contemporary.

The construction and development of the story are beyond praise—simple, inevitable, harmonious. There is no fumbling, no faltering. Every stroke of the analyst's blade, however light, lays bare some nerve of his subject's moral anatomy. The style is clear and cool, and refreshingly acid with irony. And though it is essentially a novel of one character (for all the minor characters stand in a half shadow compared with the searching radiance which exposes Selma White), and though there is little of action or incident and absolutely nothing of beauty or magic from title to colophon, the reader is held from page to page in the grip of a concentrated interest.

There is no other woman, I think, in modern fiction like Selma White; but she is so convincingly presented that we feel, with a shudder, the abundance and pervasiveness of her presence in this modern New World atmosphere of education without culture. A very little more of that culture which Arnold defines as "sweetness and light" would have saved Selma from the pitiful tragedy of her success. So little might have done it, by opening her spirit to a doubt as to the infallibility of her wisdom, the fineness of her ideals.

Such doubts once harbored, not even so invincible a selfishness as hers could have remained quite unmoved by the softening influences with which life persistently strove to mould her. Less education, on the other hand, would have meant less opportunity to develop her defects. Her triumphant deterioration would have been limited to a narrower sphere.

As it is, she is enabled to accomplish every purpose upon which her hard, glittering, restless brain has fixed its hopes. From the narrow routine of a village school-teacher's life in the rawest of the Middle West, she lifts herself, by the use of her power over men, step by step to the position of which she has long dreamed—that of wife of a United States Senator, whom she sophisticates into sacrificing his personal honor to the theoretical principles of his party and the practical advancement of his wife's ambitions.

We leave her at the height of her success, young, beautiful, happy, admired, adored, unshakingly confident in her own virtue and wisdom, secure in the possession of a conscience that never slumbers yet never has the hardihood to join issue with her self-righteousness; and we are overwhelmed with the sense of her hideous failure—a failure which typifies that of thousands of her sisters.

The book is in reality a merciless arraignment of Democracy—not necessarily in its essentials, but in certain phases of its development as it now presents itself. It is a book to exert an almost incalculable influence for good in this country, if it achieves any wide degree of popularity. It is a book to make certain mental attitudes of the educated but uncultivated reading classes—attitudes upon which they now pride themselves—a sudden shame to them. It is a vital book.

But it does lack one essential of greatness. If it had the rare touch of sympathy, of human kindliness, I should have felt forced to confess its author to be one of the great masters of modern fiction. But Mr. Grant has no tolerance, no large pity, for the womanhood of his creation. His irony plays upon her coldly and we feel that he is glad to watch the shriveling of her warped soul. Selma, and all her class, and all that she stands for get no more than they deserve at Mr. Grant's brilliant hands. But the great masters never quite forget the quality of mercy, and never quite deny some distant hope.

The Queen's Garden

Mrs. M. E. M. Davis's The Queen's Garden is truth told like a fairy story. One knows that every detail of this exquisite miniature of romance is all, in fact or in potentiality, true. The characters live, every one of them. Even the loving and gracious old dame, Tante Marguerite, whom we never see and never hear, and who dies behind the guarded door of her chamber, is a real personality throughout, and pervades the story with her finely fragrant presence. But though they live, and convince us, their life goes on as in a dream, with dreamlike, swift transitions between rapture and despair. Joy comes, and death comes; hope perishes, and hope is fulfilled; and these things happen with a seeming inconsequence, as they appear to the fresh, childlike mind of the heroine. Looking back upon them, however, we see that this inconsequence is a part of the artist's illusion, and that in truth everything takes place as inevitably as in a play of Euripides, having been prepared for from the first.

It is an old garden in New Orleans that supplies the pulsing color, the magic sunlight, the remote seclusion, the wonder of scent and suggestion, the mystic unreality, which combine to give this little romance the savor of a fairy tale. It is an old garden wherein an old love remembered teaches young love the old, sweet paths. The heroine is a young girl whom fate orphans anew at every turn. Her father and mother have died while she was a child, leaving her to the protection of colorless kinsfolk who themselves die one by one as she begins to lean on them. Her father, whose child she is rather than her mother's, was a New Orleans Creole of gentle birth who had quarreled with his people and exiled himself from his country. Only in an oft-told fairy tale had he given to the eager child on his knee any hint of his past, of the rich beauty of his early life in the Southern city of dreams, of the wonders of soaring balcony and fount, and climbing rose in the old garden where had walked La Reine Margot. But at his death he left among his papers for his daughter the address of La Reine Margot, who was his only sister. And years afterward the girl, finding this address, writes to her aunt, the Tante Marguerite of the story.

Tante Marguerite sends for her, and she goes, to find at the end of her long journey that the aunt has been stricken down with yellow fever on the day of her arrival. The girl, having been admitted to the house, is a prisoner of the quarantine, yet is not allowed to see the sick woman. For a week she lives in a mysterious solitude; and while Tante Marguerite is dying behind her curtained windows, the girl is piecing out and recognizing her father's fairy tale. How she finds life and love and death and life again in the wondrous old garden of *La Reine Margot*—let those discover who care to read what is best worth reading in recent fiction.

Love in a Cloud

One of the triumphs of this book is its exquisitely apt sub-title—A Comedy in Filigree—so apt as almost to make any further characterization of the story superfluous. A comedy it is, of Boston society life, rippling with delicate humor on every page, slight but adequate in construction, gleaming here and there with a well-polished facet of wit. So light, bright and intricate a piece of workmanship as this does not claim too much when it invites comparison with a bit of choice old filigree.

Mr. Arlo Bates scores another triumph when he succeeds in telling a thoroughly worldly, laughing, irresponsible story of social life and social intrigue with no sacrifice of cleanliness, either in thought or phrase. It is thoroughly entertaining, and presumably a faithful presentation of the life it deals with, yet it contains nothing to bar it from the bookshelves of the innocent or the austere.

In such a work, of course, it is not required that every character should be consistently and convincingly realized. The chief personages of this little drama are convincing enough. We recognize them and remember them with pleasure. But the clown of the piece, Barnstaht, a broad-farce creation, is really too great a tax on one's credulity. He might be funny, if we could believe in him. And the elderly villain, whose designs upon Jack's somewhat too sprightly mamma get so neatly and expensively foiled, is so unreal that the reader forgets to notice how much too stupid he is to be the man of the world for which the author presents him. However, no one wants to believe all that appears in the comedy of society.

—*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

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The Honorable Champ Clark Hon. Champ Clark has written for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST several intensely interesting and timely papers on Presidential Campaigning. The first two of these are entitled:

Spellbinders and Spellbinding
and
Stumping in Old Missouri

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

Americans in Paris

THERE is a new game in Paris. It was born in a garden where a lot of Americans sat drinking tea. Percy Ball began it. He is a young artist who came over from Providence, Rhode Island, to see the Exposition—and he came in a bicycle suit.

He set to work making little caricatures on the white cloth that covered the tea-table. Then we all tried it. Most of us were satisfied with the immortality of the tablecloth and didn't much care when it went to the wash, but Charles Battell Loomis, the humorist, and Theodore Simson, the sculptor, thought their drawings were masterpieces, so they put them down on paper and you may see for yourself what they think of each other. Loomis put such a large signature under his drawing that it seemed to show that he is prouder of that caricature than he is of his books—but he isn't.

Among other accomplishments Mr. Loomis recites. He imitates Doctor Talmage.

"The only time my imitation of Doctor Talmage really goes for anything," said Mr. Loomis, "is when there are a lot of clergymen in the audience. There were seventeen on shipboard coming over, and they wanted me to recite it three times a day."

Then, in order to speak a universal language, Mr. Loomis lowed like a cow, buzzed like a fly and sang like a cricket—you should have seen them sit up, these people who could not understand English! At last they felt that man was talking to man; humanity had spoken. Of the anecdotes Mr. Loomis told that afternoon the one I liked best was this: One of the seventeen clergymen on board was a silent man from New Hampshire. He did not speak to any one; he did not even speak to the humorist who was turning the ship topsy-turvy with his droll verses, his imitations and recitations. After they landed at Amsterdam, however, the silent clergyman came up to Mr. Loomis on the dock and held out his hand.

"I've just learned that you are Mr. Loomis, the humorist," he said gloomily; "sometime I hope to know you better."

That was all he said. He went away with his usual melancholy dignity, and Mr. Loomis is getting gray hairs trying to find a compliment in the remark.

The King and the Hair-Dye

King Humbert of Italy was not a great man, but he went through his grim business of being King seriously, doggedly, and with the evident intention of doing his duty. It was an old saying in Rome that he should have been a farmer or a horse dealer. He liked the open life, and royalty bored him—almost as much as music did. Perhaps he would not have minded so much being a King had it not been for the brass bands and orchestras that pursued him from one function to another and from dawn to midnight. The last time I saw him was six years ago, in Florence. There was a state reception of some sort. I can still see the King, an earnest little man, promenading his misery through the fluttering women and spangled diplomats, while in the gallery overhead an orchestra crashed away.

Two days before the King left Rome, and only a week before he was murdered, Mr. Mark Blumenberg, of New York, was presented to him by our Minister to Italy.

"What did the King say?" I asked—we were watching the electric fountain of the Champs de Mars, and, as we talked, it spun up a dust of chrysoprase into the evening air.

"Nothing much," said Mr. Blumenberg; "just a few words. He asked me whether I had enjoyed my visit to Italy. Of course I said yes, and of course I added that Italy was the home of art and poetry—the eternal home of beauty.

"The King nodded and pulled his mustaches. 'Yes, that's quite true,' he said; 'the very fields of Italy are full of poetry—but I wish there were less poetry and more potatoes.'"

He had common-sense, this grizzled little King. I capped Mr. Blumenberg's story with the anecdote that ran through Italy a few years ago. His Majesty's hair had turned white and Queen Marguerite—his "Pearl of Savoy"—begged him to use hair-dye, as his father, Victor Emmanuel, had done. He refused, but one morning—for Queens persist like other wives—he found a bottle of hair-dye on his dressing-table.

Doubtless she hoped the King would take the hint. And he did—in his own grim way. It happened that the Queen had a little white poodle, the apple of her eye. A few hours after she had left the hair-dye in the King's room the door of her boudoir was opened and a little dog—joyous and loving—ran in and jumped on her lap. It was her little white poodle, but the unfortunate little beast had turned black. After that there was no talk of dye in the royal household. And the King died in white hairs.

A Disappointment from Depew

Two thousand invitations were sent out, asking the Americans in Paris to come to the United States Pavilion "to meet the Honorable Chauncey M. Depew." We went in our two thousands and, incidentally, in our evening clothes. Who would not make himself beautiful in order to meet the Honorable Chauncey M. Depew? The women had ordered new frocks; they had decked themselves in laces and flowers; they were carbuncled with rubies and roped with pearls. The men did the best they could.

Somewhere an orchestra played. Singers and pianists tried to cheat us into patience—for the Honorable Chauncey M. Depew, whom we had come to meet, did not come to meet us. We waited. It was ten o'clock; it was eleven o'clock. We had eaten up all the lobster salad and drunk all the claret-cup. It was half-past eleven. Mr. Ferdinand Peck tried to look as much like the Honorable Chauncey M. Depew as possible, but only a few of us were deceived. I cornered General Horace Porter and said to him, "But where is Mr. Depew?"

"It's too bad; it's too bad," said General Porter; "he promised to come; but, you see, this is only a reception—no oratory or anything—and at the very last moment he got a chance to make a speech. You know, of course, that Chauncey couldn't resist that. He telegraphed us his regrets, took a train for London, and at this very moment he's probably making a speech at the lawyers' banquet in the Temple."

Mr. Peck spoke up and there was self-reproach in his voice. "It is our own fault," he said. "We should have asked him to make a speech here."

The orchestra played and the women danced in their new frocks and were happy, but the men—mere husbands and fathers—looked at each other darkly and said: "Let's send the dressmakers' bills in to the Honorable Chauncey M. Depew."

A Cowboy Romance in Paris

Mrs. Zoe Anderson Norris has written so much about her home country—about Kansas and the great swinging life of the cattle country—that it is difficult, perhaps, to select her best story. There is, however, one that I like best of all. It is the story—you may remember—of the cowboy who tired of bucking broncos and ramping cattle and wanted to know the world. It is a realistic little story, full of the pathos of a young man's unsatisfied endeavor and the heart-break of the slim, little maid who is left behind to weep; a very pretty thing.

Yesterday Mrs. Norris was enjoying her first visit to Paris. She was in the Exposition and was strolling down that street of amusements which is called—not the Midway—but the Street of Paris. In front of a booth a Turkish band was playing. She stopped to watch the crowd. Out came a man in a Zouave uniform who extolled, in French, the beauties of the performance inside. A few people paid their franc and entered.

Then at the door of the little booth a man appeared in cowboy dress and rattled off an invitation in English. Almost at the same moment Mrs. Norris and he saw each other. When they had shaken hands he told her his adventures. He had gone to London with a Wild West show that had failed; he had been a Wild West super in a Paris theatre; when the Exposition opened he had found this job, which gave him bread and butter and a garret under the Paris stars.

"And you've seen life?" Mrs. Norris asked.

"There's no life worth talking about east of the Kaw," he said.

He left Saturday with a through ticket for Dodge City, Kansas, and when he gets out that way a small, slim girl will probably dry her tears. Of course Mrs. Zoe Anderson Norris will write the sequel of Jack's Ambition—in the meantime I have given you the facts. —VANCE THOMPSON.

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The Curtis Publishing Company
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XUM

Skidsy's Vacation

By Kate Masterson

HELLO, fellers! Hello, Mickey! Hello, Geizenheimer! How's yer foot? How's papers sellin'? Say, I've gained five pounds! Say, when I give youse kids a tip after this, take it, see? I told youse to start in with me at the mission Sunday-school, didn't I? Didn't I, Geeze?

"Well, all you'd have had to done wuz to go, and you'd been took away fur a week, like I wuz. I jus' got back last night. I gained five pounds! Say, it's great, kids! I went in swimmin' twict a day, and I made a hot dive off the dock and struck me head, and I wuz nearly drownded and they had to roll me on a barrul. Honest they did! And we had dinners twict a day, and puddin' and ice cream on Sundays! Honest! I wish I may die! Youse kids don't know what you missed!

"We started on a Saturday and we all met at the mission, and had hats and shoes and shirts giv' us so we'd look like gentlemen, the teacher said. Say, that teacher's all right. She helped to roll me on the barrul.

"First, we took the trolley and then we got the train—a train with an enjine. And they wuz an ax on the wall to get out if you wuz wrecked, and the conductor come round and asked us fur our tickets, and we thought we'd get put off because we didn't have any. But she had them—the teacher—and the conductor wuz only foolin'. The conductor can't put any one off when the train is goin' if you have no tickets. He just stops the train and lets you get off. But Google says he just pushed you off, and every time when he passed and said "Tickets!"—just like that—Hennessy wuz so scared he began to cry. Say, he's a baby. He's afraid to swim and he's afraid of the dark and evurything, and he has makes us all up cryin' at night. He didn't act like no gentleman—and Google didn't, because he sweared twict and the teacher heard him, and he wasn't let in swimmin' fur two days.

"Finelly we stopt at a station and we all got in the stage and wuz drove up to a big white house with grass round it and no fire escapes. And some of the fellers said it wuz dangerous to live in a house without fire escapes. And say, kids, they wuz a cow lookin' over the wall and Google said he could milk it, but he wuz lyin', cause we dared him to next day and he couldn't.

"Then we went in the washhouse and washed our face and hands and combed our hairs, and then we went to supper. It wuz just like a resstrunt. They wuz berries and milk and apples and a bowl of soup and bread and butter, all you wanted—only Google took eight slices and the teacher said that wuz quite enough fur any gentleman.

"We had had to go to bed then 'cause she said we wuz tired, but we wuzn't; and each feller had a bed like a hotel, with a piller and a sheet and a blanket all to himself. Then we all said our prayurs and they put the candles out, and something flew in the window and buzzed, and Google said it wuz a bat and would suck our blood and pick our eyes out, and we all covered our heads, and Hennessy began to cry and the teacher come in, and it wuz only a big bettle—perfuctly harmluss—the teacher said. She killed it. She's afraid of nothin', the teacher is.

"We wuzn't allowed to get up till the bell rung at six, and we had to wash again and comb our hairs. That wuz the worst of it. You had to wash before every meal and when you got up and when you went to bed. Nig Marco is almost white.

"We had oatmeal and apple sauce and bread and butter and eggs—say, real hens' eggs!—they have the hens right there and they lay the eggs fresh and you don't have to pay fur them. Then we wuz took to the shore and the teacher went in bathin' with us, and we all laughed when she come out in her bathin' suit with a big straw hat on. Then we swum under water and doused Hennessy and he cried. He's a baby! Then Dutchy said he saw a devil-fish and we scooted, and the teacher said it wuz no such thing, and then a crab caught her toe and she yelled and run, and we all laughed.

"We wuz allowed to stay in fur near an hour and then Google swum out and made faces at the teacher, and the life-savin' man went in his boat and chased Google out in the ocean and brought him in, and he wuz punished and made stay in fur the rest of the day; and he tried to escape by the windows and they took his clothes away. The teacher says Google is t'oroughly depraved.

"Then we dug fur clams and made forts, and Hennessy fell asleep on the sand and we buried him, and the teacher said we must leave an air hole so's he could breathe. Then he woke up and cried and the life-savin' man giv' him an apple and took him out rowin'. The life-savin' man is all burned black frum the sun. He's awful strong. He can lift two of us boys at once, and when he wuz a boy he lived in a light-house and had to climb two hundred feet to swing a lantern so's the ships wouldn't be wrecked. He's bigger than the conductor.

"The furst thing 'twuz dinner time and we had tablecloths and Spafinsky spilled his coffee. That's like a rowdy to spill things or eat with your knife or take two mouthfuls at once or chew out loud. Google does them all. He'll never be took again.

"They wuz soup and vegetubbles and potatoes, and stew and peas, and bread and butter and milk and coffee—whichever you prefurred, the teacher said—and Google said he prefurred both, and we all laughed and the teacher laughed, and Google laughed and choked his food. He's perfuctly incorrigan, the teacher says.

"Then after dinner we had to rest, and then we went to the playground where there wuz a swing and a merry-go-round that we worked with a crank.

"Then we went down to the medder where the cow wuz and we dared Google to milk him and he dassent, and we found a tree with apples on it and we made Hennessy climb up and throw the apples down to us, and a man came up and caught him and tied him to the tree until the teacher come and explained how it wuz. Then she said it would be honorable of us to return the apples only we'd eat 'em. And then we went to the pig-pen, and Google said we could steal one of the little pigs and have a barbercue. You have a barbercue with a bonfire and you roast the pig alive.

"Then a man came by with a hay wagon and asked us if we'd like a ride, and we climbed in and Hennessy fell asleep on the hay, and we prodded him with a pitchfork until he woke up. Then he cried and the man let him drive. He's a hot driver, he is.

"When we got back the teacher said we might go in bathin' again, or rest quietly if we prefurred, but we all prefurred to go in, and the life-saver took us out in his boat. It's air tight and it can't sink or tip over, and the waves come into it when they's a storm.

"Then Google dared me to dive off the dock and I said I wouldn't 'cause it's again the rules, and he dared and double dared me and said I dassent. So I sneaked up on the dock and dived, and I hit me head and thought I was drownded, and then they rolled me on a barrul, the teacher and the life-saver and the boys. And there wuz Hennessy cryin' as usuool.

"We had waffles fur supper and Google got in a fight with Dutchy. Dutchy said Google stole his waffles when he was reachin' fur some butter, and the teacher said it wuz disgraceful, and sent them up in the dormiturry. And Google stole a box of matches and dared Dutchy to get up in the middle of the night and fight, and he did, and Nig Marco lit the matches so they'd have some light, and we all sat up in bed, and Dutchy made Google's nose bleed, and the teacher come in and stopped the fight and said we ought to be chained up like animuls.

"Next day Hennessy had a fit and the doctor come, and he wuz put out in the pavilion all by himself and he had jelly and beef tea, and we took turns watchin' him, all but Google.

"We had fun like that evury day and then Google stole a horse and brought it to the mission and the doctor licked him. Then a Chinaman came up with some clothes fur the wash and Google called him a Boxer and they had a fight, and the teacher come out and gave the Chink a quarter to go away.

"Then we all come home but Hennessy 'cause he wuz delicut. It's a hot place that cottage! I gained five pounds! Say, next time youse fellers get a tip from me you'll take it, won't you?"

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